

#58

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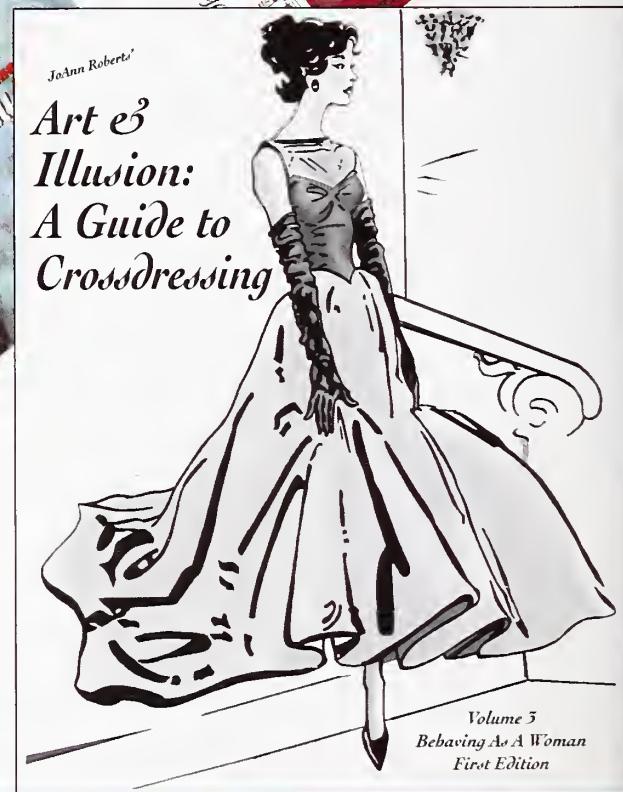
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LadyLike

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JoAnn Roberts

Editor

Angela Gardner

Art Director

Astra

Sales & Advertising

LadyLike Magazine

Creative Design Services

P.O. Box 491

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19353-0491

Phone: 610 363 7117

LLmag@cdspub.com

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Lady Like

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Bambi

Name: Miss Bambi

Eye color: Brown

Hair color: Pink

Weight: 141#.

Length: 5' 8 1/2"

Shoes: 8 1/2

Favorite Movie: Basic Instinct

Favorite Actor: Michael Douglas

Favorite Actress: Joan Collins

Favorite Television show: Dynasty

Favorite Music: Dance / House / Lounge

Favorite Cocktail: Vodka Red Bull

Favorite Food: Chinese and sausages

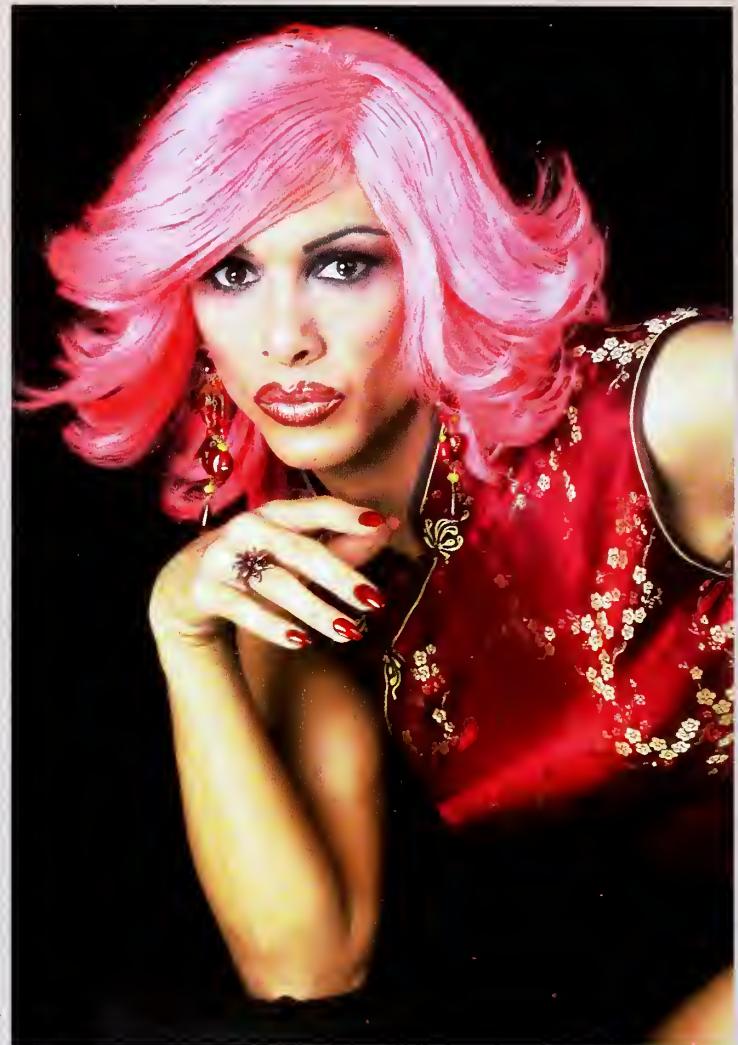
Favorite City: London

Favorite Clothing: Extravagant, decadent

Favorite Color: Pink

Like: Dancing, Internet, boys

Don't like: People who take advantage



In the United States Ru Paul beats the lot as the most popular Drag Queen, but in Belgium Miss Bambi has been walking on the most elegant high heels in the country for several years now. Her Majesty comes from Limburg, Belgium and with her famous pink aura she prowls through the night life of the Belgian club scene.

With an incredible sex appeal and an almost royal radiation she conquers many men's hearts. This diva does not only have the perfect figure, but also a legendary pair of legs that are a shining example to a lot of women. Miss Bambi is irresistible and everybody notices it, because she has a nice character, but she is also talkative and a little brutal if she has to be.

Outside a number of actes de présence and product presentations for companies, the beauty from Limburg can be mainly seen at work in the active night life. For years she organized the hosting of famous mega discothèques such as the Illusion and the Zillion and presently she makes a furor every Saturday and Monday night as a hostess in Club Versuz.

With performances in Spain, Israel, Gran Canaria, Portugal, the Netherlands and Germany the career of this glamorous showgirl is growing to an international level. Even on Ibiza and the exclusive Mykonos most of the trendy clubs have known the fairy-tale presence of Miss Bambi, The Queen of the Universe.

We had a chance to ask this mega star of the European entertainment world a few questions. Looking fabulous, in pink of course, she was wonderful about sharing herself with LL.

LL: *Miss Bambi, your list of performing credits is awesome. What are you doing currently?*

B: These days I work every Saturday night in Club RÈal (www.dancingreal.be) and every first Friday of the month in

Le Cabardouche (www.lecabardouche.be), my own party at Transit East (www.transit-east.be). On regular occasions I organize show dinners in fancy restaurants.

LL: *How do you identify yourself as a performer?*

B: I see myself as a female impersonator. My shows are provocatively sexy.

I'm not really a drag queen or a transvestite. I see myself more as a showgirl.

LL: *How did you get into performing?*

B: About 8 years ago I started to organize my own parties called Disco Fever. We wanted to hype the brand and came up the idea to put a face on Disco Fever. So on my next party I got dressed like a woman. The reactions were so good and I received much male attention so I decided to go on with it. A new star was born, Miss Bambi!

LL: *Your wardrobe is fantastic. Tell us where you shop.*

B: I buy my clothes in all kind of shops. Alternative shops, designer shops and specialized shops. Never on the Net. From the beginning I tried them on in the shop itself.

I was never ashamed to do so. Through time I learned a lot and I know what fits and what doesn't with-



out trying them on first. Sometimes I work with a designer who is specialized in show clothing and who makes my dresses for special occasions so I can be sure nobody will wear the same dress that night.

LL: Many female impersonators have had enhancements done so they can be more feminine on stage. Have you had any procedures done?

B: No, I remove all possible hair except on the head and that's the only body feminization I admit to. My nails are a little longer than the average guy's and I also do my eyebrows, but that's it.

LL: How many people have met the man behind Miss Bambi?

B: Only club managers, some journalists, some friends and family and of course the crew I work with, know the real person behind Miss Bambi. I think a lot of people would be surprised if they would find out who Miss Bambi really is. I decided not to mix those two different worlds so I can do my business in peace and keep a distance between me and my fans.

LL: It is handy to be able to walk around incognito whenever you want. How often do you go out as Miss Bambi?

B: Since it is only for work that depends on the number of bookings I have. Let's say at least two times a week. I often work in clubs so going out is what I do to pay my bills. I get paid for being somewhere, entertaining the crowd and having fun. So I often go out, always as Miss Bambi but it's also doing business.

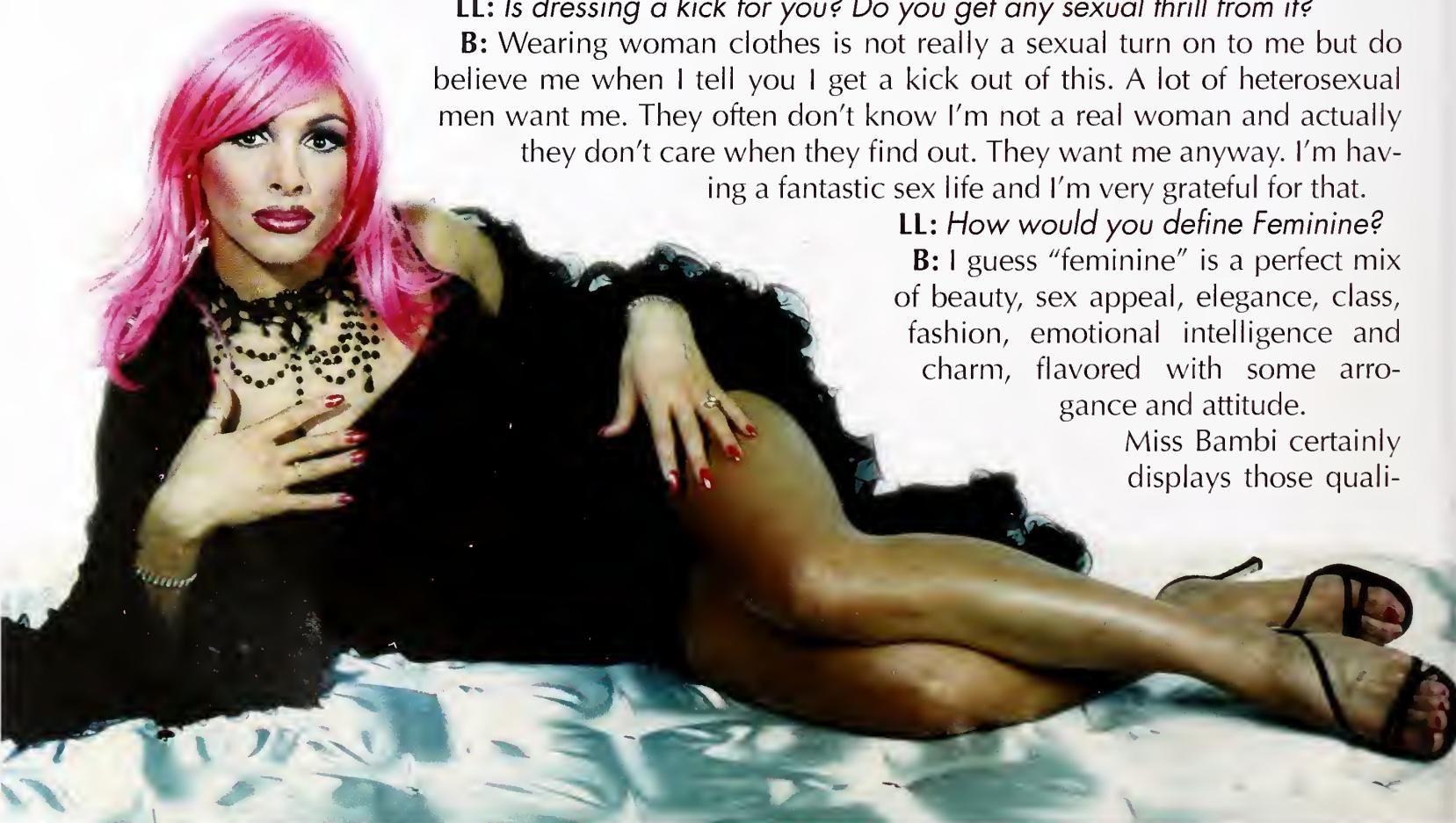
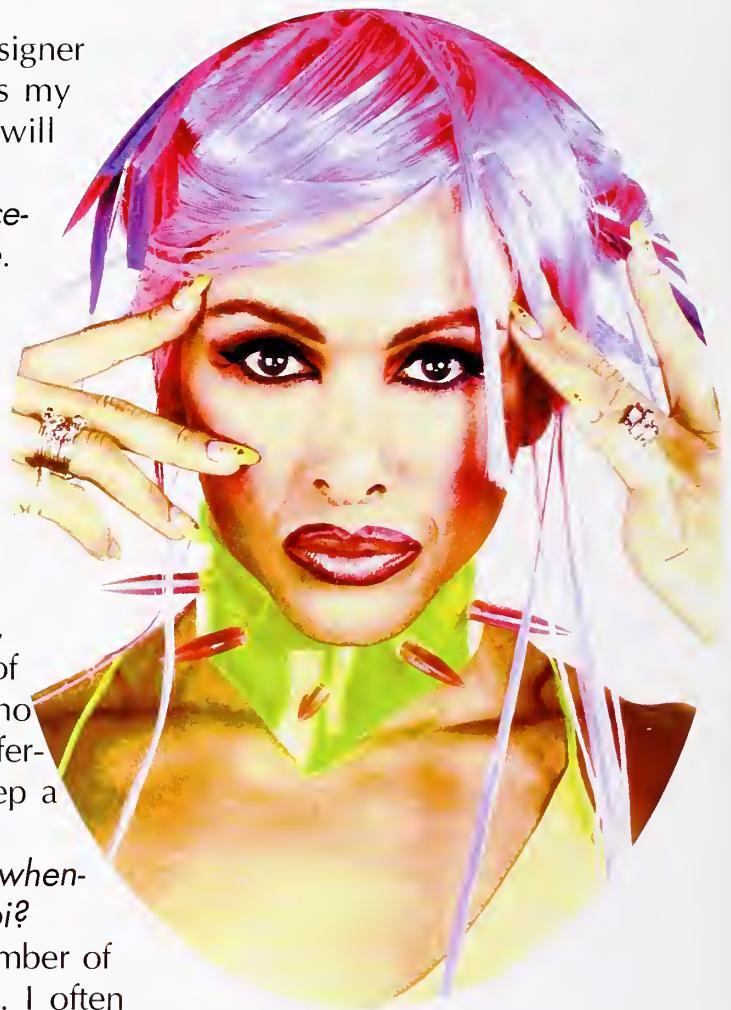
LL: Is dressing a kick for you? Do you get any sexual thrill from it?

B: Wearing woman clothes is not really a sexual turn on to me but do believe me when I tell you I get a kick out of this. A lot of heterosexual men want me. They often don't know I'm not a real woman and actually they don't care when they find out. They want me anyway. I'm having a fantastic sex life and I'm very grateful for that.

LL: How would you define Feminine?

B: I guess "feminine" is a perfect mix of beauty, sex appeal, elegance, class, fashion, emotional intelligence and charm, flavored with some arrogance and attitude.

Miss Bambi certainly displays those quali-





ties and they have taken her to the top in her business. We thank her for taking a break from her busy schedule to chat. At the moment she is busy working on her next single. In 1998 Miss Bambi's first single appeared. The house record "I Make You High" made it to airplay on just about every big Belgian radio station. Also her second single "Don't You Want Me Now?" produced by Regi Pinxten (Milk, Inc.) scored more than reasonable on the hit parade.

The pink disco princess has already dragged home several awards. In 1998, for example, she won the very first award for "Personality of the Year", which was presented by the leading magazine Move X.

In 2001 Miss Bambi was nominated for "Limburger of the year" by the newspaper "Het Belang Van Limburg" and accompanied Kim Clijsters and Steve Stevaert in the top 50 of this honorable election.

Miss Bambi is never at a loss for a publicity stunt. For an exclusive photo-report she appeared in a bikini in the center of Brussels

and she also ventured a bungee-jump for a good cause. During the elections of 2003 you could enjoy her well-formed derriere wrapped in a bathing suit in the voting booths of Hasselt.

Of course all this pink violence has already appeared on radio and television countless times. She has reported the international showbiz news live every Friday morning with Deckers & Ornelis on Q-music, and on TMF you could observe her capacities as a reporter in the reports on the Love Parade in Berlin. Whether it's reporting on the love parade, recording hit singles, appearing in commercials or popping in to a hot disco the her pinkness has conquered Europe. Will she cross the ocean to live her Hollywood dream? Keep your eyes open and look for a hot pink glow to the west.

For more Miss Bambi visit her website:
<http://www.missbambi.com/>



MIRROR WIGGOS

Rachel Storm,
POB 2295
Pahoa, HI
96778



Foxy Roxy
El Paso, TX



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A MATTER OF JUST DESSERTS

Roxanne Van Ness

Fact. Ever since "Kathleen Murphy's" rise to Rox-and-Company prominence, "Amber-Jayne Skreslet" had found herself relegated to the ranks of the near-forgotten. (Move over, "Nita Martinez" and "Xanna Ivanescu".)

LevertheNess in the spring of 2003 "A.J." (so affectionately dubbed by her peers) made a bona-fide comeback! And why not? Attractive (when she aced her make-up), hip, and thoroughly dynamic, she deserved the recognition! Trouble was, how could she skillfully utilize this renaissance to her advantage?

No point in stressing about the limited possibilities, she reasoned. Let nature take its course. (All right. So she crossed her fingers, toes, and eyes. Every little bit helps.)

Oftentimes, it was the spontaneous experiences which yielded the gnarliest "adventures"! Hence, this anecdote.

September 15th

Famished. Miles from a major

grocery outlet. (Sigh.) What was a body to do? Actually, I didn't lack vita main menu sustenance, just desserts. Hmm... a raisin pie loomed radically tempting... as did oatmeal cookies, bran muffins, perchance?

That evening, I entered a Metro Supermarket blissfully unaware of the strange scenario about to unfold.

Zero Hour

As I negotiated a corner to proceed along the dairy aisle, a compact bundle plopped to the floor! A short, heavy-set male wearing an angler's hat (without the gawdy lures and hooks) asked, "C'est à vous, ça?" ("Is that yours?") Uttering a quick "non", I maintained my pace only to overhear a twenty something woman gasp, "C'est à moi!" ("It's mine!") Oui. She'd lost her deluxe change purse! In somewhat of a hurry, I hadn't been paying proper attention. (Fer shame.)

Halfway to the rear of the store, I turned my head barely in time to catch a glimpse of the same character whizzing past! Whatever.

Meandering through the establishment once, meats, baked delicacies, canned goods, et al., I returned for my customary encore run. (Gee, all I'd hunted down was a paltry box of très unspectacular brownies! A magic opportunity to stock up on pantyhose, n'est-ce pas?) Which reminded me. Nylons aside, my supply of Classic Ivory foundation had been virtually depleted! (Eeeeeewww!) If forced to frequent some fab femme function "au naturel", I'd totally die of embarrassment! (From early on, a lass learns

to put her best face forward!) But, I digress.

So, okay, as I approached the fresh produce section, I spotted you-know-who hanging onto an elderly gentleman's coat (Malheureusement, said senior wallowed in clueless mode.) Suspicious, I moved in for a better look. Likewise alerted, the burly hombre grabbed a peck of peaches? (pears? plums? pomegranates?) and quickly placed it into his plastic shopping basket. (It appeared he was trying to hide a small object already in there.) He then darted to cash register #2.

It dawned on me that I was most probably witnessing a pickpocket in action, my first such observation, like, ever! As a matter of fact, the light-fingered felon (miserable?) seriously reminded me of Lionel Atwill, one of the actors who'd played Professor Moriarty in those vintage Sherlock Holmes films. Ergo, not surprisingly, he ambulated with a speedy, fluid, weaselesque gait.

Go for it, supersleuth!

Yep, I decided to follow him. (Now, there's a switch! Normally, I serve as the quarry!) Alas, in mere seconds, the dumpy dude had vanished! Merde!

Evidently, I had unwittingly thwarted the pilfering of the young gal's property. I must have startled ye olde sticky fingers in midstream.) Swinging around at precisely the right moment have saved my own wallet, containing cash and guy IDs, from being "lifted". And I'd missed seeing the old geezer (sorry) robbed by a nanosecond! True, two out of three wasn't shabby. Yet the question remained, where lurked the store detective? (Behind a tall dis-

play, watching me I'll bet. (I get that a lot.)

I wrestled with whether to report the escaped perp to the nearest employee or not, reluctantly settling for the latter. With my kind of luck, I'd only draw undue attention (and, conceivably, a few unfounded accusations) my way, winding up with yet another hassle I didn't need!

Thus, paying for the brownies (additional purchases would have smacked of the anticlimactic), I headed back home, all the while scoping out the area for signs of the vertically challenged, corpulent,

to water to the max! All depressingly academic.

In retrospect, my one critical miscue involved taking too long to compute that several crimes had been in progress! Stupid bonehead! Whatever.

Persistence notwithstanding, subsequent stakeouts uncovered nothing worse than blatant breaches of common courtesy. A woman manipulating apple after apple after apple, then moving on without buying a single fruit. (Duh.) A couple of females opening/resealing numerous cream-cheese containers, only

Actually, I had a score to settle. Back in the 1960's, my mother had had her pocketbook pinched from a handbag while strolling around a department store! Too bad I hadn't been present to ride shotgun. Golly, we could have worn matching outfits and everything! Or, better still, I might have donned my schoolgirl uniform! (Giggle.) Er, to be honest, Mommy didn't approve of such wardrobial shenanigans. I withdraw the fantasy.

To his credit, my father never fell victim to petty theft. You see, he refused to carry leather. Instead, he



beady-eyed, ethically-bankrupt piece of cockroach. Crap! (Am I bad?) No success, unfortunately. Only the typical melange of scurrying shoppers, bodacious babes, and pesky panhandlers. ("Ma'am, can you spare a quarter?")

Whereas it's unclear what I'd have done upon locating the scumbag, one option dictated flagging down a police officer to collar him while he still toted hot merchandise. Failing this, a citizen's arrest? As if! In superb condition for someone of my generation I'd have easily nabbed the sucker! (Of course, that's on the assumption he didn't carry a concealed weapon. Hey, pepper spray would induce my baby hazels

to put every last one back. (Yuck.) Various people coughing and/or sneezing all over packages of minced beef. (Mmm. Yummy.)

Months later, as she pinned back her long auburn hair, tied a frilly apron around a wenchlike waist, and reached for the refrigerator door, "Amber" pondered a happier outcome, if only decisive action had been taken! A creep like Moriarty-face needed to reap his just desserts!

Why poke my pulchritudinous proboscis into an incident that was none of my business? Well, I do own a nice, neutral nose, suitable for either gender. Aesthetically, it ranks as my finest feature! (Basil Rathbone must be spinning in his grave.)

habitually paid for purchases with twenty dollar bills, pocketing all change. As a result, he waddled around with a trouserful of jingling coins. What a nightmare for any wannabe crook, whose robbery attempt could result in copper, nickel, and silver scattering hither and thither amid scores of witnesses! Yay, Daddy! I trust you thoroughly digested the story? Unlike previous tales, it focused a trifle overmuch on food. In other words (dare I type it?), Alimentary, my dear Watson!

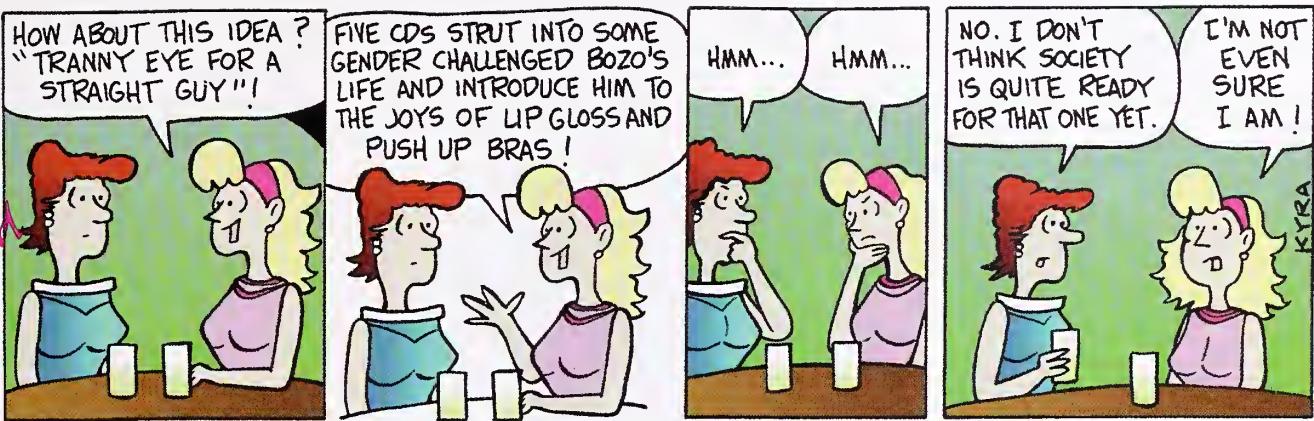
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Barbara Roberts,
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Roxanne
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CheryAnn
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Reality Check

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order of:



"Crossdressing Has Ruined My Life!" Sounds a bit like a Jerry Springer Show title doesn't it? Actually it's a sentence I've heard from a couple of friends who where once very active in the TG community and have recently either stopped (in one case) or all but stopped, in Both have made the statement, "Cross-dressed my life." Them there's pretty harsh

not something that I had any reason to expect. As a result, I tried to hide it, to fit in to the mold that society said a young man was made for. For a while I went outside that mold when rock and roll was my life. (Talk about something that can ruin you. You try rehearsing original music for weeks, getting a job playing in a dive someplace, carrying all your equipment in and doing the gig so you can give all the money to your soundman and the truck rental place. Now, that can ruin you.) But, I had a powerful urge to play rock and roll. (One time I was even disappointed when the band wanted to have a surprise birthday party for me on a night I thought we were going to practice.) It was actually more powerful than my urge to wear dresses... for a while.

When the band broke up one of the first things I did was shave my legs. Couldn't do that as long as the other members might have noticed. When you play small clubs you have to change in small dressing rooms, or broom closets and shaved legs would have been noticed. The band break-up allowed me to start a serious exploration of crossdressing that has gone on for over two decades. In that time, I have done almost all of the things you can do when you're dressed as a lady. And I have enjoyed all of it. Even the time my car was towed at two in the morning, while I was clubbing in New York City, is now a fond memory. (Not a load of fun at the time, I must say.)

Would I trade my two decades of CD memories for a nice, stable, normal life in which I had gotten a regular job and settled down to make babies with a nice woman? I don't think so. For whatever reason, I wasn't handed a nice, normal life. I got a different life. Did I expect that I would get married and toe the straight line? Of course. When I was in college I met a girl, we fell in love and we eventually got married. But it didn't work because of the expectations thing. I didn't expect that her feelings would change. (I think she left me because of all that rock and roll. She had no clue that I was crossdressing behind her back.) After the divorce, I

Ruin is defined in Webster's Online Dictionary as:

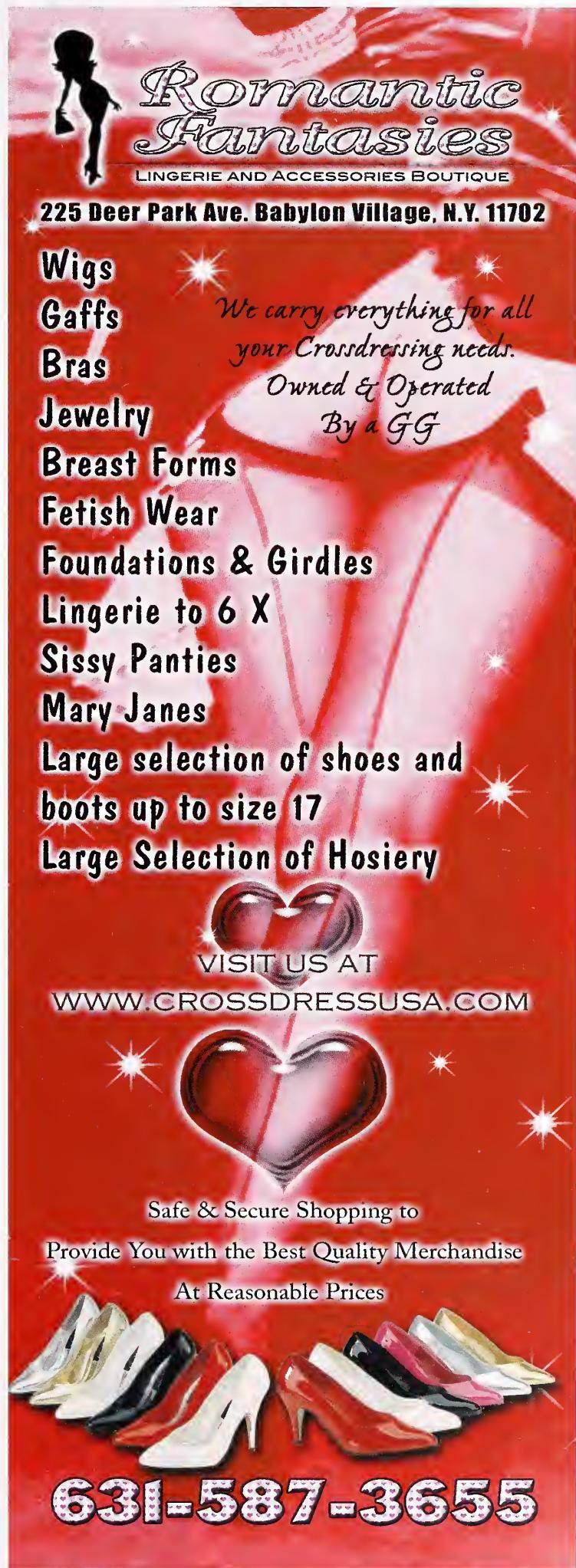
1: to reduce to ruins: DEVASTATE
2: to damage irreparably b: BANKRUPT, IMPOVERISH (ruined by stock speculation)
3: to subject to frustration, failure, or disaster (will ruin your chances of promotion)
4: intransitive senses: to become ruined

As I said, pretty harsh. One tends to associate "devastation" with the debris of a dead civilization, a smoking forest after a major forest fire, or a field of lava that was once a busy urban center. To be ruined, or devastated, by crossdressing evokes the picture in my mind of a crossdresser in a torn and discolored dress laying in an dirty alleyway while small rodents nibble at her broken heeled designer pumps and an alley cat makes a piddle in the wreck of her wig. So why would people who were formerly out and about in the community, and in public with a "what are you lookin' at?" attitude now be moaning that their dress wearing has turned them into metaphors for catastrophe.

I'd say that if the Earth is hit by a giant meteor, that's a catastrophe. As long as you can get up on all fours and walk around in the sunshine—and the rain—you're doing pretty good and you're far from ruined. What may have led to the ruined life statement could be that living in our society people all have expectations. We can't help ourselves. We're programmed from the time we're small to expect certain things to occur in our lives. You go to school, you go to the prom, you go to college, you get a job, you get mar-

really got into crossdressing and my life changed. I became involved with Renaissance and spent a lot of time working for Renaissance, first on the Board and then as the Executive Director. If anything ruined my life it wasn't crossdressing. Crossdressing helped me grow so much as a person, and made me a better person, once I stopped hiding it. No, if anything "ruined" my life it was that while I was working hard in the TG community I wasn't paying enough attention to my financial life elsewhere. So, at this point, I'm not where I should be in the financial stability area. No vacation in Mexico for me, like a certain new LL columnist I could mention.

But what about the romance side? Has crossdressing ruined my chances to ever have a special woman to share my closet with? I don't know the answer to that. I hope that it hasn't and I hope that someone will appear in my life who likes both sides of my personality. It's hard enough to meet someone you are interested in and want to be with even if you don't have the added baggage of being a guy who wears dresses. How do I deal with that? I don't let the thought that I may never meet a lady to be with because I am a lady hold me back. I don't let it stop me from dressing up when I want and I don't use it as an excuse to stay at home, cause who would ever want me? No, I get out there, I dress and act like a lady and I have had some nibbles from women, including a recent encounter with a really cool babe at a Gay Bingo fund raiser. If I had gone with my initial feeling and stayed at home that night, I wouldn't have met her. We danced, she bought me drinks and we had a really fun time. I haven't seen her since but I remain hopeful. I gave her my email address and sometimes that's not the most reliable contact method. (Servers can go down, she could have used a header that got caught in my spam filters, or, she could have accidentally used the napkin she wrote my address on to blot her lipstick.) Anything could have happened but I know she enjoyed meeting me. If that can happen once, it can happen again. It won't happen if you stay in the closet and brood about how crossdressing has ruined your life. As we always say at LadyLike, don't dream it, be it. Be who you are and get out there. If you don't then maybe crossdressing really will ruin your life.



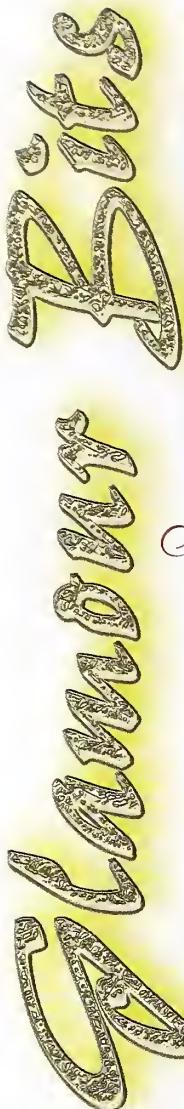
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Amanda Richards

Glamour: A Work In Progress

Glamour is sometimes more elbow grease than esthetics. In my day to day life I am a freelance makeup artist. I spend my time going from job to job, making women more beautiful. It's a tough job, but somebody's got to do it.

A while back I decided that it was time to open my own makeup studio. For several years now, people have been asking where they could come to have me do makeovers on them, and encouraging me to open my own place.

For the last two months, along with my friends and family, I've been working to make this dream a reality. "**True Colors Makeup Artistry**" is being born.

It seemed like an easy proposition at first. I'd been looking for a location for about a year when the perfect one suddenly became available with enough space for both makeup and glamour photography.

It was just what I had been looking for. There was of course the issue of the former tenant having trashed it completely. The previous occupant had a lingerie and adult novelty business. That sounds fine until you actually went into the place. It was scary. Dusty racks of clothes and ancient chocolate sexual organs were the stock items. We had to completely gut it.

The carpet has all been torn out, the ceiling tiles replaced, and everything repainted. The work sometimes seems endless. I keep reminding myself "this is a labor of love."



Down to the bare walls.

Before my current absolutely wonderful career, I spent 20 plus years in corporate America. I worked at a job that I hated all day, every day. Only dreaming of what I might be able to do if I could just get the courage, and the opportunity to take the big step that would change my life.

As has been the case so many times, it was my wife who encouraged me. She was always there with a sympathetic ear, and finally a kick in the back side to make the move, and start doing the work I've always dreamed of doing. She's still there, scrubbing window sills, hanging mirrors, and painting. I pinch myself every day. This can't possibly be real, and yet, it is.

Most of the physical labor is now done. The main hurdles are dealing



Makeup station

with my local township authorities, and the Pennsylvania State Board of Cosmetology. There are rules upon rules for setting up this little enterprise. It is often frustrating to be so close, and yet still be at the mercy of bureaucracy.

When the work is all done, and the paperwork all completed, when all the



Consultation area

inspectors have done their inspecting, and filed their forms, **True Colors Makeup Artistry** will be a place where beauty is revealed. The makeup, the lights, the gowns, dresses and wigs are all waiting. I hope that you are too.

Come have a cup of coffee, a glass of wine, relax and become the woman you were meant to be. Whether you want to learn how to create a day to day look for yourself, or like Sarah, go for a total glamour makeover, your dreams can come true here.



Beautiful Sarah Thomas

True Colors Makeup Artistry will be opening soon in Bethlehem Pennsylvania. We're located 1 hour north of Philadelphia and 1 and one half hour west of New York City. Look for our ad, here, in the next issue of Lady Like Magazine. Until then, you can see a sample of my work at

<http://www.amandarichards.com/truecolors.html>
Contact me at [amanrich@aol.com] to set up a makeover appointment.

Walla Walla Washington — Sapphos Revisited

"It's a good thing," Martha said, as she cradled Hillary's head in her arms.

Hillary cast her eyes up coquettishly, blinked slowing and added, "My orgasm was so intense it cleared me sinuses"!

Perspiration flowed freely from Martha's cheeks, pausing for a moment on her chin then trickled down to wet Hillary's lips.

With a serene smile on her face, she added, "you're making me wet, again". Martha rolled back her doe-like eyes and with a long upward exhale; she blew her disheveled, matted bangs from her forehead and replied, "No darling, I'm feeding you, again"!

They both laughed out loud then snuggled for awhile before getting out of the bed.

Martha had gained some weight over the past few years and was feeling a bit self-conscious about her matronly figure. To nip her waist, she wore a full length, white, classic girdle with an open crotch tethered to garters that connected her vintage nude-colored silk stockings. Her toenails were pedicure perfect. Martha had just returned from the day spa where she had a standing appointment every three weeks for a full leg plus 'Brazilian' bikini wax.

Hillary had always preferred loosely fitting lingerie that was more androgynous but very tactile to the touch. She preferred satin, Capri-style pajama bottoms along with diaphanous, silk-gauze, wrap-around tops that tied at the waist, coyly accentuating her nipples. Having been a flower-child/feminist in the 60's, Hillary liked the 'natural look' on her pubic mound, running counter to the current craze of salonisti for prepubescent hairless genitalia.



They walked hand-in-hand towards a sumptuous Roman inspired bathroom suite. In one corner, granite columns flanked a large Jacuzzi perched upon a marble pedestal. Another part of the room resembled a cave-like grotto, complete with a central waterfall and surrounded by multiple pulsating shower heads. A domed ceiling mural was painted to resemble the cupola in a Venetian palazzo. Potpourri rested in a crystal vase. Violin concerti by Albioni and Vivaldi caressed the air. A quartz commode and bidet stood regally in a separate throne room.

Hillary tucked her thumbs underneath the waistband and without breaking stride, let her Capri's drop casually to the tiled floor. Martha turned on the bidet faucet and adjusted the digital temperature dial until it was exactly 98.6° Fahrenheit. Turning to take Hillary's hand, Martha savored Hillary's post-sex seminal scent and delicately eased her onto the bidet, adjusting the nozzle to lap at Hillary's vulva.

Martha turned the conversation to a more serious note and spoke in a sudden stream-of-consciousness, "Men seem to be so appalled and threatened by powerful, successful women. We compete with them in their old-boy worlds of finance, business and government. Now, we intimidate them in the bedroom as much as in the boardroom! Wives of successful men seem to be little more than pampered chattel or trophies for their occasional pleasure. That is, when they're not too busy

flirting with their interns or seducing smooth, pretty-boy personal assistants".

Hillary nodded with conviction then asked Martha if she would like her to roll a custom-made cigar like they do in Cuba for Fidel Castro... that is by rolling the tobacco leaves between their breasts and then sealing it by inserting the object of oral desire between their legs?

Martha's nostrils flared, her eyes dilated slightly, then she added, "Stogie me sweetie"! That slight diversion broke the seriousness that hung in the air and they giggled while beaming at each other.

The Road to Walla Walla, When Martha met Hillary

Sapphic pleasures weren't new to the cities of the Eastern seaboard, especially the Washington, D.C. area. Decades ago, a private woman's club was established by a self-empowered political wife who had married into an old-money, east coast, political family. The membership consisted of successful, well-placed women, as well as sophisticated wives of powerful leaders.

Its name was simply the Washington Area Lipstick Lesbian Association.

As an initiation prank that seemed to endear itself and survive over the years, the candidate, as well as her sponsor, had to somehow say together in an encrypted public statement, something about "Walla Walla, Washington".

Videotape of the various members muttering those sacred and secret words would be played for laughs at parties. The sisterhood would then vote on which member had the funniest encrypted 'Walla'. The winner would get to stand center court and French kiss the lady of her choice. That's how Hillary and Martha became more

than just mere associates.

Back in 1996, Hillary and Tipper had been campaigning in... you guessed it... when upon returning to Washington, D.C., it was finally time for Hillary's "coming out" party. The membership had voted their "Walla" to be the best of the evening.

Hillary caught her breath, held her hand to her chest and took center stage. She blushed momentarily then finally said, "I'm usually not the family member who gets such high marks for my speeches". Everyone joined in the laughter!

She looked around the room and melted audibly when she spotted a Wall Street darling who was also a high profile CEO and television icon. With a Cheshire cat grin, Hillary took Martha by the hand and brought her back to the lime-light at the center of the room. The members applauded and cheered as Hillary turned to Martha and said, "I hope you're not a Republican"!

As the membership voiced their approval, Hillary thrust her tongue between Martha's lips. Their tongue-tips darted and their cheeks bobbed. They initially held each other, then slightly fondled one another. Saliva dripped, lipstick smeared, a choir-like and solemn "Oh" was emitted in unison from the audience then they gaily applauded once again.

The optional coup d'grace for the evening was a trip to the upstairs Presidential suite for a lesbian liaison. Both ladies were so ready!

Sapphos Initiated

Martha opened her elegant evening bag and removed a cylindrical, flesh colored object. An adjoining chord and rheostat where connected to a battery pack. She said, "I hope you don't mind but I was planning on using

this myself in the unlikely event I had to sleep alone tonight".

Hillary looked wide-eyed as she gazed at the phallic shape. She couldn't utter a word but her fingertips busied themselves unbuttoning then unzipping her formal-but-not-too-fussy ball gown. She stepped out 'one foot after the other', letting her crinoline and silk rest where it fell. She was wearing ultra sheer thigh high stockings with an intricate lace pattern on her stocking tops that was repeated on the border of her matching nylon panties. Sheer, extravagant, feminine! The curly blond pubic hair framing her cotton panel was already moist in girlish anticipation.

Her bra clipped in front as



Martha's hand freed her breasts with the snap of her index finger and thumb. Martha kneaded Hillary's breasts with both hands and tenderly teased her nipples before lowering her face between them. She inhaled deeply, savoring Hillary's wet scent and licking the salty skin from her valley. Her mouth hungrily capped off Hillary's nipples, one then the other, while her tongue butterfly kissed the pert peaks, lapping at them like they were a lovers tongue.

Beneath her sophisticated and urbane exterior Martha wore foundation garments that spoke of her teenage years; classic, satin and spandex, vintage silk, perfect, proper, tight and unmistakably

feminine. This particular evening, Martha had an 'accessible crotch' on the girdle she wore which allowed her to 'pee' without having to almost fully undress.

It also provided Martha with ease of access when her workday became too stressful; she could retreat to her private bathroom for a rewarding moment of solo pleasure.

Hillary also found Martha very accessible that evening as she eased her stocking thighs apart to gaze upon her flower. After briefly penetrating Martha with a touch, Hillary removed her glistening hand, lifted her fingertips to her nose, then to her mouth and licked one finger after another.

Martha kissed Hillary, savoring the taste and scent of herself upon her lovers' lips.

Martha returned the favor in kind then reached for the flesh colored object and slid it tenderly inside Hillary. She turned the rotary knob on the rheostat, making it vibrate and purr. Hillary moaned, it had been so long! She was finally in her milieu, once again. Protected, discreet and with a lady lover she both coveted and admired, she was finally free to be herself.

Martha assumed the top position as they both entwined their legs. Hillary began to thrust her hips upward. Martha accepted each bump with a grind of her own. Her clitoris had always been sensitive but now, feeling the vibes from Hillary, she climaxed in temple-throbbing delight.

When the undulating crescendo culminated, both lovers' lay spent, collapsing into one another's arms. They first melted... then rested upon high thread count Egyptian-cotton sheets under a matching duvets cover.

Consciousness finally gave way to golden slumber and their

dreams transported them to a fantasy never-land,

'once upon a time' on a Greek Island.

The Evening News

The 24 hour per day cable-news station was on the television and 'the whip' had just begun as the lead-in to the evening news. Christiane and Paula were standing side by side in battle torn Baghdad, clutching their microphones.

The affable anchor turned to the screen and said, "Your headline please"?

Christianne stared as the red light next to the camera lens engaged and she said very matter-of-factly, "We're obviously not in Walla Walla, Washington tonight!"

This story is entirely fiction and not based upon fact. Any resemblance to people past or present, living or deceased, is purely unintentional.

(The story "A Dream Come True" that appeared in LadyLike #57 was developed from an original idea by Shelley from Chicago without her permission. I sincerely apologize to Shelley and the readers of LadyLike if they were misled by any statements made at the end of that story - Jane Martin.)



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Letters

JoAnn, and Angela,

Thanks for LL #56, and thank you for publishing pictures of myself. I'm humbled! I finally got around to doing a recent photo shoot, and have enclosed a few. Please note that I have marked the back of one of these photos, as my offered picture to the lingerie pictorial Joann spoke of in LL #56.

As always with a new LL, I read "Reality Check" and "On My Mind" first thing. Truthfully, first thing I do is rip through the pages, looking for pictures of myself, but what girl who has sent pictures into LL doesn't do that? OK, so after that frenzy has passed, I do settle down and read the two articles first. Loved them both!

Angela, Reality Check was great! Your recounting the early closet days, and attending your first Poconos, was like reliving a part of my own life. I was also completely closet when I attended my 1st Poconos in 1997, but I flew all the way from Colorado to do it. Lucky for me, I had a very supportive spouse, who had only recently found out about my x-dressing (the only person, at the time), to hold my



hand the whole way through. It was a great experience. I went to the Poconos again in 1998, and have attended several other events in the Mid-West, and the Rockies, but none have matched that very first time in 1997 and the awe of the whole thing, down to the tiniest detail.

The Poconos 1997 was the start of a whole new x-dressing life for me. I had never had a x-dressing social life before, and that was the start of it. I've come a long way in those short seven years. I have balance in my life.

Oh, by the way, remind me to tell you the story about my wife catching me the first time x-dressed. It's quite comical, now that I look back on it, even though I was scared s***less at the time.

Anyway, JoAnn, after reading your article, you moved me again. Also enclosed, is a money order made out to CDS for the Transgender Fund. I remember an article you wrote some LLs ago, about how it really got your goat, that people couldn't donate five dollars to the Fund, and say they couldn't afford it, while wearing their new \$150 wig. OK, I admit it, you made me feel guilty and I started donating the \$5. So what? You had a good point! Sooooo, in that aspect, and I hope more sisters out there will look at it this way, I've decided to sacrifice 3 pairs of nice, lace top, thigh-highs and instead donate the whole \$20 to the fund. Whew, that really wasn't that hard! Guess I'll just have to suffer, and use a little nail polish, on the ones I still have. I mean geezzzz, it's not like I'm taking pictures, or anything! FLASH! Oops!

Well, thanks again. I'm still an "initial" person but it's a real nickname and it just seems to fit, in both worlds, without a last name. There's only one "P.J."

P.J., P.O. Box 9038
Colorado Springs, CO 80932

I'm glad the first Poconos piece reminded you of your first time out. I believe that every CD who has finally poked her head out of the closet and gone to a TG support group or a

community event will be able to find the similar elements in their story. That first time out is one experience we all share.

Thanks for sharing your photo session with us. But, please, next time get closer to the camera. We had to crop off most of the room. People don't want to see the room, they want to see you! The picture is sharper, the focus is better and the flash will actually light you if you have the camera closer when you take the pictures. For girls using self time cameras this is especially important. You don't want to get worn out running from the camera to your pose spot. No one wants a picture of you trying to get your breath.

And, don't worry about being an initial person. P. J. works. It's like having one name—in the spirit of Cher or Madonna. What gets my wig in a twist is the first name-last initial syndrome. Angela G. for example. If you go through the effort to dream up a first name for your femme self why not go on and come up with a second name? Guys who are named things like Butch Zelewski can slip into a dress and become Miss Ashley Simmons. There's no end to the fun of having a last name for your femme self. So come on girls, go crazy and let's stop seeing those initials for a last name.

Dear Joann and Angela

I love the new format for the magazine. When I read my first issue of Ladylike I was dressing in my house only. Reading the letters from all the beautiful girls and sexy Angela's, Jane's and Foxy Roxanne's articles gave me the courage to go to a TG group

meeting as Beverly (that) I LOVED. There were some caring people there who were always trying to help you out. I now know Beverly is who I really am. Without Ladylike magazine I would still be locked up inside this male body and Beverly would be locked up in the house.

Girls! Why don't we have some fun and ask your readers to fill out a survey anonymously to find out what your reader's sexual preferences are. I know when I am dressed as Beverly and I am with a man I feel extremely feminine and I could be very nice to him if he treated me with respect.

I have enclosed photos, I hope you can use The one in the red dress I was just leaving to go to a TG support group. I also sent photos for the lingerie pictorial and sent a print of my favorite street in Maryland. Thank you for a great magazine and thank you for being kind.

LOVE
Beverly
beverlypeters@ziplip.com

We're glad that LadyLike has been a good influence on your life and you're finally out and about. As for the survey idea, we don't really care what our reader's sexual preferences are, we love you all! How you like to make love is your own business. If we did do the survey I bet we would find that many TG ladies are more open to sexual activity with a man than they might be willing to admit. Let's face it, for many of us dressing up is a turn-on itself. If you're out and a man pays attention to you who can blame a girl if she lets his hand linger on her thigh? Just remember—if you do play with the boys, or the girls for that matter, play safe and make sure everyone is using condoms. New condoms please, not something that's been in his wallet for four years, or at the bottom of your purse since you picked it up at a Pride parade a few years back.

Dear Angela,

It's not renewal time. I did that in November. I am, with some trepidation, following the advice you have been giving girls like me to leave the comfort of the nest. So I'm standing on the edge flapping and am about to do something I've never done before although an avid reader of Lady Like since issue #6. I am writing a letter to my favorite editor and sending some photographs.

When Jo Ann said in the current issue (#56) that you are running low on pictures, I decided it was time to do my part! Several of them are a little dated, but I've aged well and generally go for the conservative approach. I did, however, include one in my maid's uniform. I hope they are up to LL standards, and you are able to publish a few in future issues.

Even though I've been dressing on a regular basis for over forty years, my time outside the nest is

limited. My circumstances have resulted in extreme caution over the years. It's a choice each "lady" must make. I have had some wonderful outings over the past twelve years; trying on shoes at Nordstrom Rack, being fitted for bras and girdles at a corset shop (actually went in drab), and having my own foundation and powder mixed at Nordstrom's. I told them that I had a female part in summer stock theater. Now I just say, "It's for me. I enjoy dressing as a woman." In retrospect, I guess I have gotten pretty far out of the nest on occasion, just not enough.

I've never been much on labels. I think of myself as a basic garden-variety crossdresser. I just enjoy dressing and acting like a woman. I am strictly hetero and monogamous. Have no desire to go out or even dance with a man. I enjoy being a man when I'm supposed to be, but I thoroughly enjoy being a woman when I can be. To be



honest, I would love to have my own "real" breasts and curves, but since I'm unable to turn the magic switch on and off, I'm content to pad. Would love to live full time for a few months, but the stakes are too high. So I make the best of my circumstances, and continue to enjoy all aspects of my life.

One question please: why do so many potentially attractive GG women of all ages appear clueless about the finer aspects of femininity. When I see an attractive GG woman in an upscale store wearing a T and jeans, slides, no makeup, and straight hair, I lament. "I wonder if she has any idea how attractive she would be with a nice foundation garment, stockings, 3" heels, a slim skirt, a ruffled blouse, light makeup, and some wave in her hair." Guess I'm dating myself.

May I close by thanking you, JoAnn, Cindy, and the staff for all the encouragement you've given me over the years? And a very special thanks to Laine Alexander, an absolutely wonderful lady, who accompanied me twelve ago, my first time out of the nest.

Affectionately,
Cheryl Ann, Virginia

There's nothing wrong with being a "garden variety" CD. You just water us with perfume and makeup, fertilize with hair spray and we blossom now and then. As for living a month or two as a female, I've had the opportunity in my life to devote days in a row to being Angela. I found that without a careful plan of events to attend and friends to interact with I start to lose interest in getting dolled up after about five days. The longest I have gone as Angela, getting up in the morning, putting it together and keeping it up all day, has been eight days. I managed that since I had activities to attend practically each day. If I hadn't had stuff scheduled for days six, seven, and

eight I would have stopped by day five. I find that the fun of dressing gets dulled when it becomes routine. As exciting as it is to think about your outfit for tomorrow's shopping trip, when you have to think about it every night, along with what shoes you'll be able to get through the whole day in, it loses something. I still enjoyed it and I'm glad I did it but it hasn't happened again.

I think that also says something about your criticism of women who dress down in public. Of course they'd look more attractive if they were dressed up, made up and working some glamour. But, they have many more days and nights when they can enjoy glamour, the fun of putting together their hair, makeup and outfit, and then enjoying what it does to the men in their lives, than we do. I actually don't like women who are always fashion magazine perfect. Every now and then I like to know that they can be confident and sexy while they're dressed down. But I do like them to wear sexy shoes with their jeans and Ts.

Dear LadyLike,

I have been getting your magazine for 4 years now and have started a few letters in that time but somehow they never got to the mailbox. I have a box full of pictures that I have taken of myself but most of the are not good enough for me to send to you to share. Most are bad light flash to bright or not composed right. For over the last ten years or so I had my own hair. I still do but donated it last year to Locks of Love. They cut 18" off the top and 21" of the back. But the hair styles now-a-days you don't need that much to look good.

You said you wanted some (pictures) for an up coming lingerie issue. I have one laying on the couch in a slip, a late one in a



black all in one. It's a then and now, short hair will be the latest. Not too bad for an older broad.

The oldest LL that I have is #30. To me it's the best one that I ever got a hold of.

I better quit writing and mail this before I change my mind again.

Keep up the good magazine cause the feminine side of me just loves it. Been doing it in the closet for about forty years give or take a few. Still in it most of the time. Hindsight is 20/20 as most of us learn till we're over the hill.

May the great spirit watch over you,
Fran #4059

Dear LadyLike,

Just recently, I found the courage to take charge of my life and disclose my feminine side to my wife after years of hiding in the shadows, leading a life of lies and deception and suffering shame, guilt and frustration to the fullest measure. Fear of the consequences of revealing my true nature had

erected a seemingly insurmountable barrier, and breaking it down an utter impossibility; time after time I struggled to bare my soul, and time after time I withdrew from the brink—defeated, until I discovered that telling the truth is the answer. The Everest I had heaped up in front of me fell away like nothing and I became a liberated woman after an hour's frank and open discussion with my wife. I could have kicked myself. I could have saved myself years of agony and torment; it was that simple, and that painless.



My disclosure was met with neither anger, threats, disbelief, nor even surprise when I told her the truth. I am a transgendered person, I announced with pride. My wife suspected I had done some cross-dressing in the past but had no knowledge of my feminine persona: Elizabeth, nor the intensity of Elizabeth's need to express herself. My wife's response was sober and reflective, more concerned with my safety when appearing in public in drag than probing the psychology of crossdressing. Yes, she is a bit puzzled, and of the opinion that crossdressing is a little "weird," and she doesn't want to see me in a dress just yet but she

has made it plain that she accepts and respects my needs. The bond of trust and respect that exists between us has grown stronger as a result of my disclosure. I am aware there will be bumps along the road, and not every marriage is so blessed, but honesty is indeed the best policy. I have, or rather, we have, to paraphrase Lincoln, discovered a new birth of freedom.

I hope you will publish this letter. Perhaps it will encourage other sisters who, like myself, went through years of torment before coming to the realization that the truth will set you free. And, thank you LadyLike for keeping my hopes alive and making it all possible.

Yours Sincerely,
Elizabeth Hulbeck

Congratulations Elizabeth. A little advice from LadyLike; go slowly. A wife who finds out after years of marriage that her husband likes to dress up like a lady needs time to acclimate to the idea. She may also have issues that she isn't even aware of at the moment you tell her and they will well up in the coming days. As you say though honesty is your best friend. If she asks more questions be sure to answer them honestly. And, use your feminine side and listen to what she is saying. Too often I have heard of CDs who came out to their wife, met with acceptance and then—with the feeling of vast relief clouding their judgment—they blow it by pushing the femme side onto the wife too fast. Take it slow, listen to her and good luck to you both as you forge a new relationship.

Dear Angela,

First off let me say I love the new look of LadyLike. The extra color pages are most welcome. My name is Joy.

I've been out of the scene for

the past few years due to problems too numerous to go into in this letter. If it's alright with you I'd like to use the pages of LadyLike to inform my many girlfriends I'd made through the years that I'm back and I'm interested in hearing



from them again.

Thank you.
Love,
Joy Kamei,
4067 Hardwick St. #386,
Lakewood, CA 90712

To the staff of LadyLike!

Just a note to say hey and hello to all. As always you guys/gals (laugh) do a great job with your mag. Was just going through #56. There's always something I didn't go over or missed even though I've read through it two or three times. Always something fascinating. Here's a newer pic of me to be

Letters

printed in your next issue if possible. I'm showing my muscles! I have matching leggings for the top but couldn't find them at the time. Anyway, print this one if you can. Keep up the great work!

Stephanie



Dear JoAnn,

It's been many years since I've been in your mag—95/96—but last week on a gorgeous Wednesday, almost 60, I had an appointment at Katie Wannabe. That day was great! She is so professional, I could not believe the results. I'm enclosing some photos. Hope you can use them.

I actually got to go to many department stores in the Doylestown area, like Bon Ton, Annie Sez, Kohl's—even K-Mart. I changed to a long velvet dress for

evening but I visited a understanding female(ex-girlfriend, 10 years ago) and she said WOW. When I did myself, no comparison. I wish there were more salons like Katie's in the area but she's great. She's a



mom who cares, understands and is willing to help us. I highly recommend her. She did my nails and I had never had them done before. I wish I could keep them but I have to be a guy. I had my day, it was well worth it. Katie should get more recognition for her friendliness, support and professionalism. I know she's involved with Renaissance and that's great. Wish there were more like her.

Diane Thomas

Dear JoAnn and Angela,

Hi ladies! Your flyer for Beauty On The Beach arrived the other day and it made my week. So glad to hear your event will be on again this year. You know it's my favorite! The new venue sounds just wonderful and being on the beach adds a dimension we didn't have before. I should be a lot of fun. Enclosing my reservation form and deposit—count me in!

As promised, here are a few more photos, including a few I hope you'll consider for your new lingerie feature. (I'm still working on some Hot Babes and Hot Rods photos.) I've been putting a lot of thought and effort into my look, especially my makeup and I think it's starting to pay off. Then again, I

need glasses, so what I know?

Looking forward to seeing you both at the beach weekend and perhaps sooner.

Yours,
Barbara
Roberts, PO
Box 6373,
Baltimore,
MD 21230

Hello Again Ladies.

Good to hear you all are doing such a fine sustained effort with the magazine, as usual. Hope pic enclosed show how finds its way into your fine magazine in the Mirror-Mirror section.

Thanks,
Carlotta
Marie,
PO Box
222,
Glenford,
NY 12433

P.S. Is that fox Sarah Thomas still happily married?



Yes Carlotta, Miss Thomas is entwined in wedded bliss. What a shame. As for Mirror-Mirror, since you only sent one shot we had to use it here.

Dear JoAnn and Angela,

Enclosed are a few pics of me and a check for a subscription, and



an extra ten dollars for the TG



Fund. I can't believe I have not looked over your fab publication before now. All the girls are beautiful and I would love to meet another in my area.

I have been out again for the last six years and usually dress up everyday and long for the long weekends to go to certain TG events.

My girlfriend Pam is very supportive and we go out to dinner, shopping and live as a lesbian couple. (I'm the femme.) We are both very bi and have been together for about five years now. Anyone interested please feel free to write.

Sincerely,
May Lynn,
PO Box 80574,
Canton, OH 44708-0574

Dear Angela and JoAnn,

Just a short note to accompany my check for renewal of LadyLike for issues 57-60. It goes without saying that they come too infrequently and read too quickly.

You say you "can't keep running photos of the same people against the same backgrounds forever" and I agree that new faces (and

bodies and backgrounds) are great. But I see photos from the same people over and over in magazines for my non-CD hobbies, too, simply because these people, A. have the enterprise to submit photos and, B. submit photos of publication quality. Also, I wonder how far



are still new so why not publish more of their pix?

Well, I guess I've ranted on long enough! Keep up the good work!

Best Wishes,
Delaware N. Hudson
PO Box 4408,
Utica, NY 13504-4408

Dear Angela and JoAnn,

I enjoyed LadyLike issue #57 with its Profile of Candy (she has a warm and lovely smile), the poignant article "All You Need is Love", the Reader's Letters and much more. Thank you so much for including a photo of mine in Mirror-Mirror with so many fabulous ladies.

For me personally (and for my sister) this has been one of the most difficult years ever. Earlier last month my father passed away following a three week hospitalization. We were stunned to learn that his health was worse than we had

back most LL readers' files go. I happen to have a complete collection and I'm delighted to have all those photos of Jen Jones and Tiffany Michelle, etc. For new readers these veterans of LL



hopefully things will eventually be alright. Life, at any age—young or old—should not be taken for granted.

It's always great to be included in the pages of LadyLike. Keep up the good work.

Love, Beverly #3903

Yes Beverly, by the time we learn that life shouldn't be taken for granted we have usually wasted a lot of it hiding our beauty under a bushel basket, or in an old closet. We're all sorry to hear of your loss and in hopes of cheering you up a bit here's another shot of you gracing the pages of LL.



No Ducks For Rachel

Rachel Savage

It's real simple: during the night, my wife changed my sex. Male to female. She wasn't my wife then. She is now. Eventually she 'dragged' me into marriage, if you dig my drift.

All to keep me from the duck hunt!

My nimrod friends were picking me up last that morning. My eyes popped open at five a.m. but I felt drugged, the pre-hunt adrenaline sapped away. When I blinked my lids felt heavy as buckshot.

Reflexively I scratched at my beard, OUCH! no beard! My fingernails were sharp as knives; beneath my fingertips the denuded skin was smooth but tacky.

The light came on, there was Donna, giggling, but why? I looked at my nails--long, red, and fake as hers. I pulled hard at one and it hurt.

"Forget it," Donna said, "they're stuck on with Crazy Glue, the false lashes and the clip-ons, too."

"What!?" I gasped, fingering the large hoop earrings.

"You oughta' call your buds and cancel, watch when you step out, the heels... ."

On my feet she had glued a red pair of her four-inch high heels that seemed welded in place. I'd never get my L.L. Bean boots on over them!

"I'll go anyway!" I blurted.

"Better consult the mirror first."

I did that, and was met by the visage of a girl, the long, long lashes, black-lined and shadowed lids, gold earrings and foundation makeup and glistening red lips.

Donna the artist, expert with paint of all types.

Oh, God, not again!

Under hot water, soap and washcloth only the foundation budged. "The rest is indelible

marker," Donna said, "plus eight-hour 'permanent' lipstick over the red ink."

"But, how..."

"I double-spiked your decaf with Benadryl last night, so... you know, sleep like the dead and you wake up femme."

"I can't go hunting like this!" I sobbed.

"No way," she said.

"No ducks."

"No, no ducks; instead you'll help me hem my new skirts, finally, then we'll hit the Wig Palace on 3rd and Central in St. Pete, you need some new tresses."

I knew that store, down by the shops where Donna bought art supplies. We'd been there before, seeking wigs.

I choked back vomit--never trust a woman who wears the same dress size as you ... I never should have let her disguise me as a woman last Halloween.

She dressed me up as a flaming hooker for a party, and all that night she called me 'Rachel' not Richard. Just the sight of me in sexy drag made Donna hot as a goat.

I was by far the prettiest 'girl' at the party. The men became horny and confused. A woman 'toreador' took me in a sensual slow dance, and, drunk, my own male pals groped at me. The whole party screamed out for therapists!

Later, at home, a miracle happened. For months I'd been a pathetic failure in bed, mired in that vicious circle of 'flop and worry', worry and flop worse.

But now some weird, erotic alchemy of crossdressing unleashed my dormant manhood. Suddenly I was omnipotent in my spike heels and fishnets, my miniskirt and 'Dolly Parton' hair

and bright lipstick.

I stifled all fears and seized the moment. Me, Rachel, Frankenstein of the boudoir.

After her long frustration Donna was utterly thrilled and happy; yet the thought of even occasionally being her 'shemale girlfriend' or whatever was too damn scary. I rebelled, and grew the full beard, camouflage against playing dress-up again.

The November deer and waterfowl season arrived and we battled over proposed hunting trips. Vituperous taunts flowed like lava.

"Animal lover!" I'd start.

"Bambi killer!"

"Circe!"

"Dress dummy!"

Our sex life waned again into a sad hit-or-miss but mostly miss.

Until now.

Donna said, "Rachel, yes, Rachel, look at you! Are you trying to hide a bazooka 'twixt your pretty legs?"

I said, "You're a diabolical monster and a pseudo-lesbian man-hater!"

But there was no denying her truth; in forced girleness my pookie was akin to a boat-mast, poised for sailing seas of bliss...

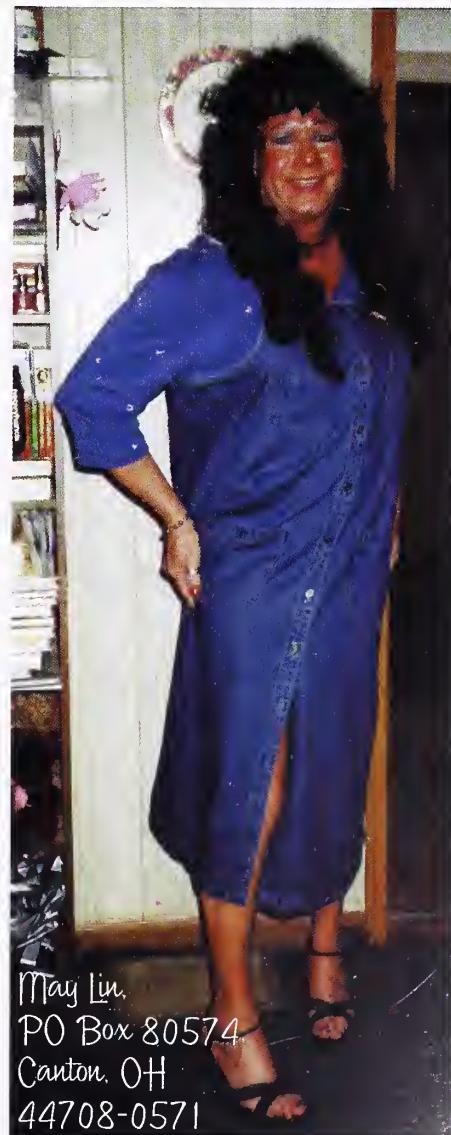
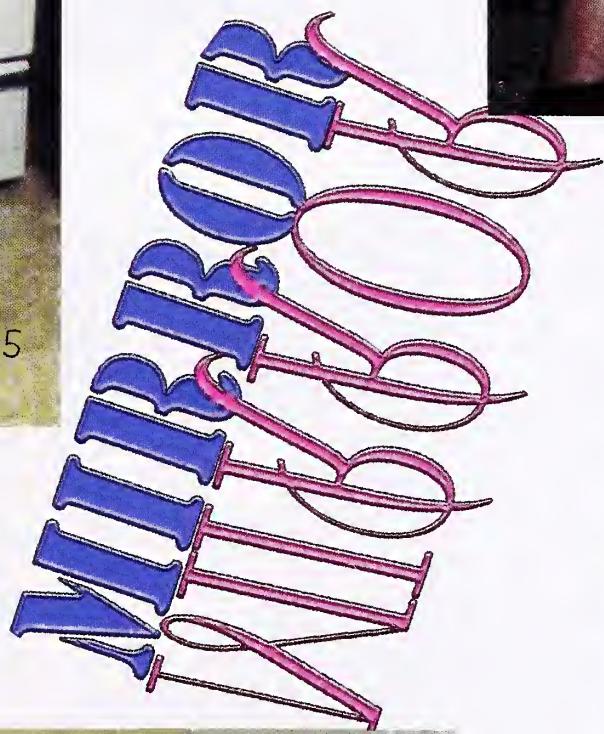
"You want to live without sex, without me, to go freeze in a clammy duck blind... ?"

I thought a minute, trying to fight it.

Then I simply gave up.

If Life teaches us anything, it's this: in the final analysis, nothing matters but erections. How you achieve them is wickedly irrelevant.

Besides, in this get-up, even the ducks would laugh at me.





Hello from England!

Stacy Novak reporting on the TG social scene here. TVs in the UK have far less problems than 10 years ago. Many go out in public and have no problems. Straight bars and restaurants seem accepting in most cases. I guess with the way the economy has gone it is best to have any type of custom (*Ed. Note: That's Brit-speak for business.*). So, for the TV this works in their favor.

My group, **Transliving International**, is one of the oldest established self-help support groups in the United Kingdom. We have a freedom policy which means anyone may attend parties or join the group. We have a monthly party tucked away in the Essex country side. This suits the new and nervous, as well as those who live near by, who want to have a fun night and disco. We have a licensed bar and it is an incredibly safe haven for a get together. It's also a place where wives and girlfriends can get together and not feel out of place or intimidated by over the top behaviour.

We are not just about publishing magazines and hosting parties, though. We give a lot of support to families working with mental health units, and the like. We have taken many TS ladies from the first rung of the ladder to after the operation.

That's Transliving but what about the rest of the country? The scene in England is made up of groups and commercial ventures that welcome TVs and their friends. Visit our website for more information:

[<http://www.transliving.co.uk>].

With the death several years ago of TV party promoter, **Ron Storme**, many people that had been

involved with him and his parties decided to put on **Storme nights** in his honor. For information on their **Storme's Club** events visit

[<http://www.andrea-uktv.com/>].

The **WayOut Club** in **London** has been a popular

saturday night venue for years. They feature two DJs for your dancing pleasure along with a full menu of food and a spectacular cabaret show. The **WayOut** is at Crosswall, (off Minories), London EC3.

[<http://www.thewayoutclub.com/>].

Every Friday you can go to the **WayOut Winebar**. This is a venue that welcomes all T-girls and

their friends. It features three different floors with different styles of music and, like the **WayOut Club**, they



serve food. It's located in London on Lovatt Lane off Eastcheap.

Another party sponsored by **Transmission** seems to move around the country announcing its dates on its web site

[<http://www.trans-mission.org.uk>]

Though once geared to the tranny market, these parties attract people with all kinds of quirks and fetishes. Those who like to gain the company of a guy will have no problem in these.



The **Philbeach Hotel** in **London** holds "**Lipstick**" on Monday evenings, but TVs can use the bar and restaurant at all times. This is predominantly a gay hotel located at 30-31 Philbeach Gardens, Earl's Court, London SW5 9EB

[<http://www.philbeachhotel.freeserve.co.uk/>]

Manchester has a very large TV/gay scene with the **Northern Concord** group meeting at the **Hollywood** bar on wednesday evenings. The whole Village area of Manchester is famous as the gay part of that city and has many pubs, bars, clubs and restaurants that are TV friendly. Any night of the week will see TVs out on the town, strutting their stuff

[<http://www.northernconcord.org.uk/>].

We British also, twice a year, have a full week at a holiday camp in **Somerset** that girls and boys from all over the country attend. This is not run by a particular group, just a group of friends who decided to organize it.

The **Mayflower** in **Southampton** puts on a Christmas weekend at a Victorian hotel and there is a bride's weekend put on by Transliving's own Fashion Editor, **Danielle**.

If anyone is coming to England and has any queries about any places they may wish to visit, please feel free to email me and I will do my best to give them the information they need for a good night out with the British girls.

Best wishes,

Stacy Novak

Transliving International

[stacy@transliving.co.uk]

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Trans-San Francisco Nights

by Ms. Bob Davis

I arrived in **San Francisco** in August 1971 and three months later I committed public drag for the first time. I went to see **Goldie Glitters** star in the **Cockettes'** production of Cinderella at the Palace Theater on Halloween. When I got home at 3:00 AM I was so excited I stayed up 'til dawn trying on outfits. San Francisco, "The City that Knows How," just brings out the drag queen in people. In The City, as locals call it, you'll find plenty of places to go dressed as a girl. And don't worry, if you only brought your boy clothes, you'll still be allowed in. The City has a long tradition of tolerance.

For entertainment there's more than one drag show every night in the clubs and bars. Every year several grand theatrical productions drag their skirts across the stage. Theatrical female impersonators range from the professionally adept to the vainly naive.

There are glamour-queen rock bands and transsexual performance artists. For quieter evenings, groups meet in coffee houses and community centers for conversation, alternately serious and light, about being transgendered, the community we're creating, and the society we seek to educate.

But, in spite of this bouquet of diversions, don't come to San Francisco thinking it's New York, London or Tokyo, a sprawling mega-city of 10 million with dense suburbs beyond. We're not even in their class. San Francisco is small, around 800,000 about the same size as Jacksonville, Florida. It's less than a tenth the size of Los Angeles and smaller than San Jose, 55 miles south. So even if, as I suspect, transgenders are a larger percentage of the population, there still aren't as many in San Francisco

as in the Big Apple. But what we lack in numbers, we make up for with enthusiasm.

Here's a sample of where you can go to see or be seen. I say, "sample" since there's no way I'll cover everything. That's the risk of writing an article like this, omitting people, enraging feelings and inspiring feuds. These queens are vicious and they never forget.

Asia SF (201-9 St at Howard, 415-255-2742, www.asiasf.com) boasts the most flawless queens in town, slim Asian and Pacific Island boys whose beardless faces will never feel the daily scrape of the blade. These "gender illusionists" sweetly serve you drinks and dinner. Then, once an hour, they spring on to the runway above the bar and lip-sync their hearts out. The club is popular, so you should make a reservation. Seating is timed, but if you ask, you can arrange to see two shows.

The Friday and Saturday shows at **Aunt Charlie's Lounge** (133 Turk near Taylor, 415-441-2922, www.auntcharlieslounge.com) flaunts local luminaries like **Vicki Marlene**, Grand Marshal of the 2003 Gay Day Parade, or reigning **Grand Duchess Donna Rae**. The ads call the show "sleazy" and who am I to argue? This show is up-front and personal. It has to be. There's no stage and it's amazing how many performers and costumes they squeeze behind that curtain. The performers walk right up to your chair. "Hey, big spender," tip 'em a dollar. That's the tradition all over town.

Empress Cockatielia has been hostessing **Drag Assault** at **Club Rende-Vous** (1312 Polk, 415-309-2582) every Friday night for over six years. She describes the shows she does with **Sofonda Boyz**, **Hollota Tymes** and **Manley Lennox** as, "not only glamour. They're edgy and progressive. They're fun, comedy drag."

Cockatielia is glamour personified and a tiger on stage.

There's always a party at **Diva's** (1081 Post near Polk, 415-474-3482, www.divassf.com) with its three floors of mostly young transsexu-



photo courtesy GSF

als and their admirers, who are often not so young. There's lip-sync shows just about every night. **Empress Alexis Miranda** emcees midnight shows on the weekends. At most lip-sync shows in town, no matter the venue, the only one who talks or sings in their own voice is the emcee. **Diva's** charges a cover to go upstairs, unless you're in drag. As you leave the club, you might see some of the club regulars standing alone on street corners. They might look like they're waiting for the bus, but they're not.

Esta Noche (3079 – 16 St near Valencia, 415-861-5757, wwwnocheesta1@aol.com) has Latin beauties lip-syncing nightly. The cover charge is modest with different "companies" performing on different nights. The current groups are **Las Fantasticas, Trans-International** and **Queens of the Night**. Every June **Esta Noche** produces a **Miss and Mr. Gay Latino Contest**.

The first Tuesday of every month **Gender Enders** perform at the **Cherry Bar** (917 Folsom Street at 5th St, 415-974-1585, www.genderrenders.com). This series presents "transgendered/intersexed/genderqueer" performers/artists/performance artists. Audience members are encouraged to present their own spoken word, songs, poetry, stand-up or whatever during the "queer performance open mic" section of the show.

Karma features "live queer and trans performance, tasty treats at the **BBQ**, sexxxy dancers, DJs spinning hip-hop, soul, salsa, and bhangra, and hotties galore." The club is usually a Saturday afternoon event with the doors of the **El Rio** (3158 Mission, 415-282-3325, clubkarma@hotmail.com, or

www.elriosf.com) opening at 4:00 PM. This club is packed. Performers include contortionist/acrobat, **Jade Blue Eclipse, The Transcendence Gospel Choir** and "sexxy rock star" **Shawna Virago**. **Shawna** (www.shawnavirago.com) is also one of the main movers behind **Tranny Fest** (www.trannyfest.com) the bi-annual, four-day "extravaganza of performances; panels and parties climaxing in a marathon film festival showcasing cutting-edge films and videos on the sweet complexity, diversity, and sex appeal of lives lived on the gender continuum."

Marlena is the 23rd **Empress of San Francisco** and 3rd **Empress of San Mateo**. Her bar is the **Imperial Court's** favorite watering hole (www.impcourt.org). Drag is always welcome at **Marlena's** (488 Hayes near Octavia, 415-964-6672) and there are shows every weekend. **Faux Girls** has been there for years. Emcee/producer **Victoria Secret** has two web sites with show information, www.fauxgirls.com with information about her show and www.sfdrag.com with listings for five local clubs. When you go to **Faux Girls**, be sure to catch **Nikki Starr**, an inspirational performer and veteran of **Finocchio's**.

Nice and Nasty is the current show at **Harvey's** (500 Castro St. @ 18 St, 415-431-4278) in the heart of San Francisco's "gay Mecca." The stars are **Empresses nice Chablis** and **nasty Snatch, The Leather Empress** (www.snatchsf.com). The club is very drag friendly, as is the entire neighborhood, though it hasn't always been that way. The show runs once a month on the second Sunday. **Chablis'**



photo courtesy TGSF



column, *"Keeping Up with the Courts,"* in **Spectrum** (www.sfspectrum.org), the *Castro's* free neighborhood, monthly highlights upcoming doings of the *Imperial Court*, which is celebrating 40 years of service to the community in 2005 (www.impcourt.org).

Nothing else is like *TrannyShack at The Stud* (399 - 9 St at Harrison, 415-252-7883, www.heklinas.com). The club has been hot since the day it opened. **Heklina's** shows and theme nights are imaginative and audacious. (Her club's been picketed more than once for blatant lack of political correctness.) On stage there's usually more talent than rehearsal evident, but, oh, the wonderful things that talent can do. *Trannyshack* has a packed-house excitement that's hard for other clubs to match. It's like the energy at opening night parties or annual pageants and festivals, only it happens every Tuesday.

TransBay is a non-membership group that gets together to talk the second Wednesday of every month, 7 – 10 PM at *Quetzal Internet Café* (1234 Polk, between Sutter and Bush, 415-673-4181, www.transbay.org). This is "a

casual environment where people can let down their hair, so to speak, and just have a good time. There is no group hierarchy—just people sipping cappuccinos and talking about everything from physics to dancing to entomology." **TransBay**, "is not 'pick up center'... We don't want folks to needlessly have to worry about individuals looking for a 'hot time.' There will be fun, and probably a touch or flirting here and there—but if you're looking to meet your next lover, try somewhere else, please."

The local **Renaissance Transgender Education Association** affiliate is **TransGender San Francisco**, which everyone calls **TGSF** (PO Box 42486, San Francisco, CA 94142-6486, 415-564-3246, www.tgsf.org). Every month they sponsor several events that welcome newcomers and strangers with open arms. The last Thursday of the month there's a social at the *Blue Muse*, 409 Gough (between Hayes and Grove), 415-626-7505. Dinner starts around 7:30 with a short meeting at about 9 and informal hanging out after. They present other social and educational events at various bars and restaurants in the area including the ever-supportive **Carla's Salon & Boutique** (124 Race Street, San Jose, CA 95126, 408-298-6900).

The newest club for trannies is **Unisexy** at the



photo courtesy Tranny Shack

photo courtesy Tranny Shack



arrive. It saves so much time.

No review of San Francisco nightlife would be complete without cabaret diva **Veronica Klause** and the **Artful Circle Theatre** (www.actsf.com). This is the group that created **Christmas with the Crawfords**, a San Francisco holiday favorite for ten seasons and three seasons in New York with other productions in Los Angeles, Seattle and Portland. No one ever lip-syncs in an **Artful Circle** production, but that doesn't stop them from doing an **Andrews Sisters Hollywood Canteen**. You haven't lived until you've heard three female impersonators sing the **Andrews Sisters** to perfection.

Veronica Klause has been filling the clubs for a decade with string concerts and shows. Her most recent is "**The Songs of the Scarlet Temple**," a benefit for marriage equality. She also writes a column,

photo courtesy Tranny Shack



Makeout Room (3225 – 22 St between Mission and Valencia, 415-861-GLAM (4526) or 415-6 4 7 - 2 8 8 8 , www.glamarama.com). The producer is **Glamaroma**, beauty salon to the beautiful where the stylists are stars like **Deena Davenport**, **Johnnie Kat** and **Princess Kennedy** of the tranny-rock band **Pepperspray**, (www.pepperspray-band.com). Come giggle away on the fourth Thursday of every month at the only club you can have your wigs set and make-up done once you

"**Vis à V**," for the free bi-weekly bar mag **Gloss**. "**Vis à V**" is a good source for drag shows and other transgendered high-jinks. **Gloss** can be most easily found in the **Castro** and **Polk Gulch** neighborhoods. Other free publications of interest would be the monthly **Spectrum**, mentioned earlier, and the two queer weeklies, **Bar Area Reporter** and **San Francisco Bay Times**.

All this fun and feathers couldn't happen without **San Francisco's** genuine protection for gender identity and expression by law and regulation. Police and sheriff's officials promote transgender sensitivity in their departments. There's a professional and proactive Human Rights Commission watch-dogging the rights of many minority communities (Website: www.ci.sf.ca.us/sfhumanrights). It was the first city in the country to offer insurance coverage of up to \$50,000 for gender reassignment surgery to its employees and their partners. Though transgendered behavior isn't required within The City limits, San Francisco allows it a place in the sun and under the moon.

Ms Bob Davis is secretary of the GLBT Historical Society Board of Directors.

*TGSF photos courtesy of Roxy Carmichael-Hart
Other photos courtesy of Tranny Shack*



photo courtesy Tranny Shack



Current Queens

by Sarah Thomas

Hola amigas! It's been far too long since I've had the occasion to write anything for our community, so when our lovely editor asked this fiesta girl to work on a new column for LadyLike I just had to say, "Si señorita!" The only catch was that I told her I had to get my article in Sarah's big Mexican adventure (but more about that later).

I think it's a great time to be a drag queen. We're all over the place... we're pop culture icons. Just look at "Connie and Carla!" As a matter of fact, as I'm writing this, from my seat at a little café on Christopher Street (in NYC) I've spotted two fabulously flamboyant queens, one on roller blades and the other walking her dachshund. Of course, New York is a very tolerant city and Christopher Street is the gayest street in the Big Apple so it shouldn't surprise anyone that queens here are part of the landscape. Nor is it difficult to imagine finding drag venues in Philadelphia, Chicago, Atlanta, or San Francisco. But what about the small town girls? Where does the mullet-n-NASCAR set go to see the Fabulous Miss Cherry Strudel lip synch to Reba Mcintyre? Is there a Miss Gay Potter County? Can one do drag in a place where Mary might actually have a little lamb... and perhaps other livestock? All these answers, and more, can be found here as Big Sar talks to Current Queens, a column at least as entertaining as Aqua Teen Hunger Force.

Dateline: York, Pa. Dawn cracks early here in Amish country, and quicker than a six-fingered buggy driver can say Maple Syrup Urine Disease, the lovely Miss Visa D'Kline is thinking about her next show. I first became aware of Visa when a bunch of us went to Frank and Jeffrey's to see her show. Frank and Jeffrey's (showcased in LL#57) is itself noteworthy because, besides being one of the friendliest GLBT bars I've ever been in, it's located in Phoenixville,

Pa., a small 1950's steel town in which scenes from the classic 1958 horror film "The Blob" were shot. Anyway, Visa was hostess of a fantastic, energy packed show that ran well over two hours. It was immediately obvious that Miss D'Kline is a queen with a difference. While in her drag persona she is genuinely nice. She lacks the ribaldry and acerbic edge that so many queens affect. This is quite refreshing and makes her very approachable. Come to think of it, all the girls in her show were real gems.

Visa was kind enough to spend a few minutes with me to talk about herself, her view of trans-girls, and her work with the gay community.

ST: Visa, it was really a pleasure seeing your show. I must say that you are extremely beautiful and infinitely passable. Are you taking female hormones or have you had any surgery?

VD: No, it's just me. No hormones, no implants. I'm happy the way I am and my partner likes me this way, too. Some people I know have started down that road but it's not for me.

ST: So you don't consider yourself transgendered?

VD: No, I'm in drag about two days a week but a lot of my fan base is transgendered and I have friends in the transgendered community. I'm aware of transgender groups like Renaissance and I know some girls who go to meetings but I'm more involved with the gay community.

ST: Your list of drag titles reads like... well... a list! Miss Strawberry 2001, Miss Reading Pennsylvania America 2002, Miss Eastern Pennsylvania America 2002, Miss Central Pennsylvania Gay Pride 2002 – 2003, Miss Gay America National Grand Diva. Very impressive.

VD: Yes, and most recently Miss Frank and Jeffrey's 2004 with Dan, my husband, as Mr. Frank and Jeffrey's.





ST: Congratulations well deserved, sister! Tell us more about your start in drag.

VD: Well, when I was about 15 years old I became emancipated from my parents because they didn't accept me and, thereafter, I moved to Portland, Maine, where they're quite accepting of GLBT people. Later I was part of NYC Pride 1996. My idol is Lady Bunny. I love her campy drag. Now I'm in York, Pa., and there are a number of places for drag such as the Ranch and the Velvet Rope. Also, we're close to Harrisburg and there they have clubs like the Pink Lizard.

ST: How do you see drag evolving?

VD: There's a lot of drama with queens. Sometimes it seems that old style drag is



becoming less popular in the gay community. It's not as accepted as it was. I try not to have so much drama.

ST: Well, it shows. Your website says that your pageant, Miss Gay American Nation, is bringing excellence into the 21st century and it's obvious that you're doing your part! Thanks for chat-

ting. One last question. What would you be doing if you weren't the foremost drag queen in Central Pa.?

VD: I'd be a pastry chef.

ST: Get out of town! I'm a pastry chef! What a small world.

Well, there you have it. Visa continues to ascend through the ranks of queen-dom in the heart of Pennsylvania Dutch country. If you happen to be passin' through check her out at Frank and Jeffrey's and be sure not to miss her fantastic Annie Lennox rendition.

As for Big Sar, I'm a headin' south of the border for my own show. Yes girlfriends. I'll be touring with the first all-drag Mariachi band (but more about that later).

Adios muchachas!



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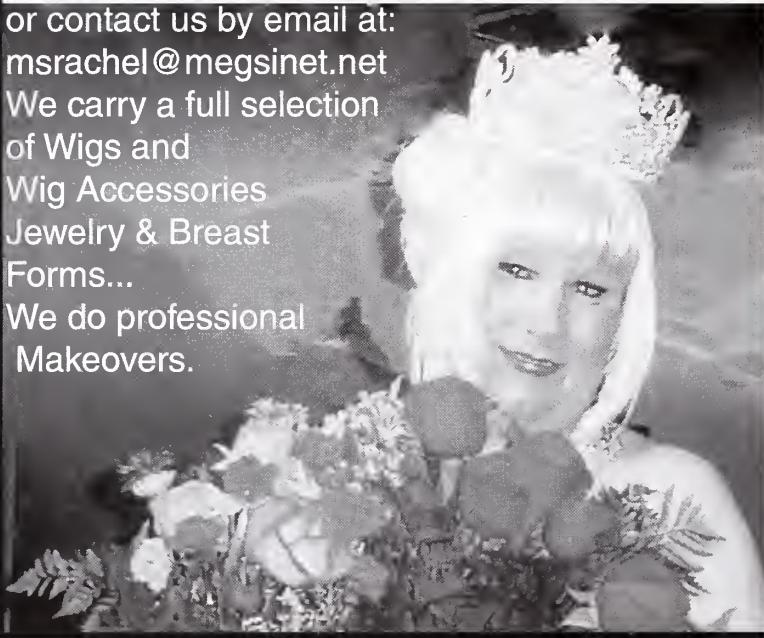
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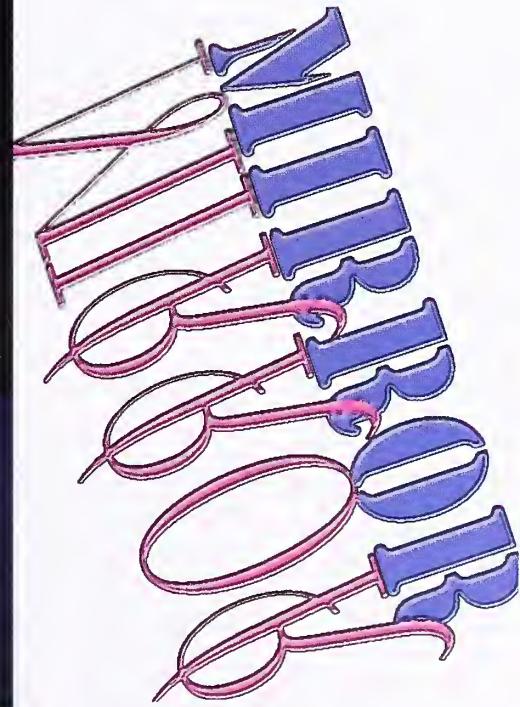
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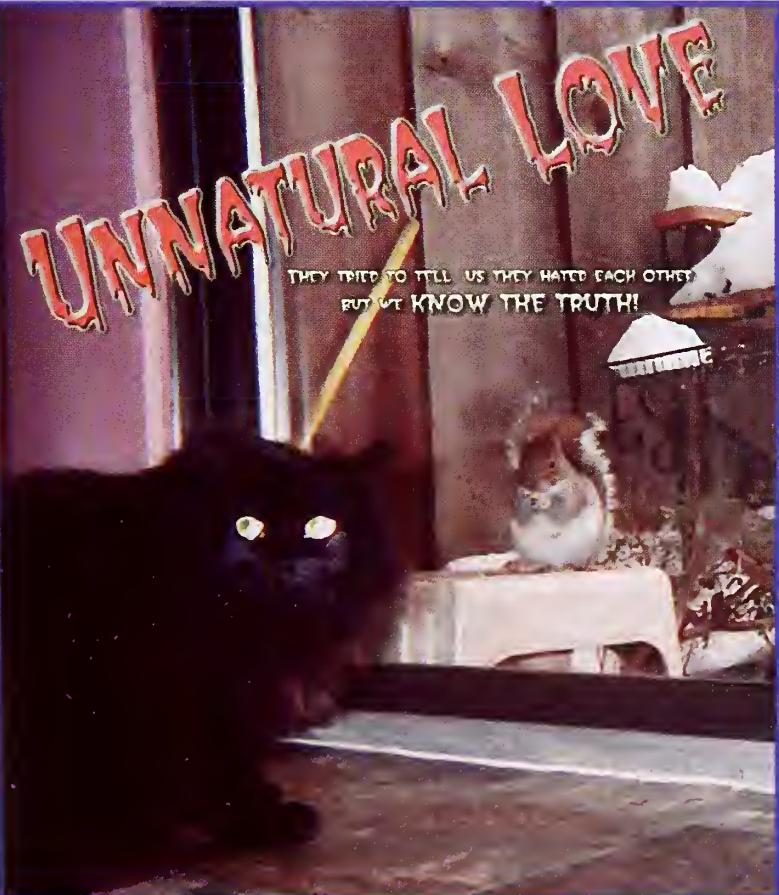
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North American Support Groups

National US Membership Organizations

International Foundation for Gender Education, PO Box 540229, Waltham, MA 02454. Publishes Transgender Tapestry (\$40/year subscription). Reprints and books on TV/TS subjects, other info. Hosts annual conference in different locations around the country. Phone: 617-899-2212, [www.ifge.org]

Renaissance Transgender Association, Inc., 987 Old Eagle School Rd., Suite 719, Wayne, Pa. 19087. 610-975-9119 24 hr. answering machine. Membership fee of \$48 includes the monthly publication "Transgender Community News." Also publishes Background Papers and Community Outreach Bulletins on transgender issues for personal and professional use. Speakers available for classroom, corporate, or media discussions of transgender issues. Renaissance is a 501[c][3] non-profit membership organization. [www.rn.org]

Society for the Second Self (SSS), Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275. Focused on families and relationships. Tri-Ess publishes the Femme Mirror quarterly and hosts an annual convention. Tri-Ess chapters are marked with "#" in the list below. Tri-Ess is a non-profit membership organization. [jeftris@aol.com]

Alaska

Alaska T People , PO Box 670349, Chugiak, AK 99567

Arizona

Transgendered Harmony , 8485 E McDonald Dr #298, Scottsdale, AZ 85250

Alpha-Zeta (Tri-Ess) , PO Box 28363, Tempe, AZ 85285-8363

A Rose , PO Box 8108, Glendale, AZ 85312-8108

Transgendered Harmony , PO Box 83927, Phoenix, AZ 85701

Southern Arizona Gender Alliance , 300 E Sixth St, Tucson, AZ 85705

Evolere Transgendered Foundation , 1830 E. Broadway Blvd. #124-269, Tucson, AZ 85719

California

Transgender Resource Center of

Southern Calif. , 8350 Santa Monica Blvd. Ste 104A, W Hollywood, CA 90069
Alpha Chapter , 409 N. Pacific Coast Hwy. #320, Redondo Beach, CA 90277
U.S. G.I.R.L.S. Club , P.O. Box 3182, Cerritos, CA 90703-3182
Gender Expressions , PO Box 816, Lakewood, CA 90714-0816
CHIC Crossdressers Heterosexual Intersocial Club , PO Box 17850, Long Beach, CA 90807
CD Social Group , PO Box 224, Montrose, CA 91021
PSGV Transgendered Support , 401 South Main St. Ste 104, Pomona, CA 91765
Neutral Corner , PO Box 19008, San Diego, CA 92159
San Diego TransFamily , PO Box 4735, San Diego, CA 92164
TG Alliance of Coachella Valley , PO Box 391, Thousand Palms, CA 92276
Born Free , PO Box 52829, Riverside, CA 92517
LKO (Ladies Knight Out) , 3320 Chapman Ave. , Orange, CA 92869
Ventura Transgender Outreach, 3503 Arundell Circle Ste 3A, Ventura, CA 93003
Society for Second Self (Tri-Ess) , PO Box 194, Tulare, CA 93275
Access Point , PO Box 7180, Los Osos, CA 93402
TranzcentralCoast , P.O. Box 14146, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406
Trans-Action , 973 Market St. Suite 500, San Francisco, CA 94103
Lavender Youth Recreation and Information Center) , 127 Collingwood St, San Francisco, CA 94117
TGSF , PO Box 426486, San Francisco, CA 94142-6486
Diablo Valley Girls , PO Box 272885, Concord, CA 94527-2885
Rainbow Gender Association, PO Box 700730, San Jose, CA 95170-0730
Sacramento Gender Assoc. , PO Box 162907, Sacramento, CA 95816-2907
Transfolk , 115 Grand Ave,

Oroville, CA 95965

Sigma Sigma Beta, PO Box 19933, So. Lake Tahoe, CA 96151

Colorado

Gender Identity Center of Colorado, 1455 Ammons St., Ste 100", Lakewood, CO 80215-4993

Lambda Community Center , 149 W Oak, Ste 8, Ft Collins, CO 80524

Pueblo TV/TS Support Group , 1144 Clarmont, Pueblo, CO 81004-2808

Connecticut

Connecticut Outreach Society , PO Box 163, Farmington, CT 06034

District of Columbia

Washington-Baltimore Alliance , PO Box 50724, Washington, D.C. 20091-0724

Delaware

Renaissance Delaware, PO Box 5656, Wilmington, DE 19808

Florida

Emerald Coast/PANTRA , PO Box 1853, Pensacola, FL 32591

Trans Alliance of Gainesville , PO Box 143102, Gainesville, FL 32614-3102

Phi Epsilon Mu, PO Box 3261, Winter Park, FL 32790-3261

Evolve , 2351 S Ferncreek Ave, Orlando, FL 32806

Mu Beta Gamma Tri-Ess , PO Box 4126, Hialeah, FL 33014

South Florida Gender Coalition , P.O. Box 670283, Coral Springs, FL 33067-9998

Animas , PO Box 420309, Miami, FL 33242

Gender Society of the Palm Beaches , 7600 s. Dixie Highway, W. Palm Beach, FL 33405

Tampa Bay Gender Alliance , 3708 Swann Ave, Tampa, FL 33629

Starburst , PO Box 6822, Clearwater, FL 33756-6822

Georgia

Sigma Epsilon, PO Box 272, Rosewell, GA 30077-0272

Atlanta Gender Explorations , PO Box 160003, Atlanta, GA 30316

Hawaii

Hawaii TG Outreach , PO Box 8233, Honolulu, HI 96830

Iowa

Central Illinois Gender Assoc. , PO Box 1925, Clinton, IA 52733-1925

QCAD Group , PO Box 1534, Davenport, IA 52809

Idaho

Tri-States Transgender Group , PO Box 6691, Boise, ID 83707

Illinois

Chi, PO Box 40, Wood Dale, IL 60191-0040

Island Girls , PO Box 2306, Joliet, IL 60434

Chicago Gender Society , PO Box 66595, Chicago, IL 60666-0595

Central Illinois Gender Assoc (CIGA) , P.O. Box 3082, Champaign, IL 60826-3082

Indiana

IXE , PO Box 20710, Indianapolis, IN 46250

Transgender Outreach of N. Indiana, PO Box 2372, Portage, IN 46368

Kansas

KCCAF (Kansas City Cross-dressers & Friends) , PO Box 4092, Overland Park, KS 66204

Kentucky

Lexington Dress & Gender Alliance , PO Box 11471, Lexington, KY 40575

Louisiana

Gulf Gender Alliance , PO Box 56836, New Orleans, LA 70156-6836

Massachusetts

The Sunshine Club , PO Box 564, Hadley, MA 01035-0564

South Shore TransGender Network , PO Box 381, Avon, MA 02322

Tiffany Club of New England, PO Box 71, Waltham, MA 02454-0071

International Foundation for Gender Education , PO Box 540229, Waltham, MA 02454-0229

Innvestments , PO Box 354, Sagamore, MA 02561-0354

Maryland

Chi Epsilon Sigma , PO Box 505, Brooklandville, MD 21022-0505

Transgender Support Group of Baltimore , 241 W. Chase St., Baltimore, MD 21201

Maine

Transsupport , PO Box 17622, Portland, ME 04101

Transcare 2000 , 75 Adams St. 2B, Gardiner, ME 04345

Maine Gender Resource & Support , PO Box 1894, Bangor, ME 04402-1894

Michigan

Crossroads , PO Box 1245, Royal Oak, MI 48068-1245

After Six , PO Box 126, Comstock Park, MI 49321

Lambda Mu, PO Box 246, Moline, MI 49335-0246

IME of Western Michigan , PO Box 1153, Grand Rapids, MI 49501

Friends North, PO Box 562, Traverse City, MI 49685-0562

Minnesota

Tau Epsilon Mu , PO Box 40126, St. paul, MN 55104

Gender Education Center , PO Box 1861, Maple Grove, MN 55311

Beta Gamma, PO Box 8591, Minneapolis, MN 55408

City of Lakes Crossgender Community , PO Box 14844, Minneapolis, MN 55414

Missouri

St. Louis Gender Foundation , PO Box 9433, St. Louis, MO 63117

TransSisters , 4004 Troost Ave., Kansas City, MO 64110

Mississippi

Southern Belle Society , PO Box 3112, Gulfport, MS 39505

Montana

Western Montana GLBT Community Center , 615 Oak ST, Missoula, MT 59801

North Carolina

Triad Gender Association , PO Box 2264, Jamestown, NC 27282-2264

Carolina Transensual Alliance (CTA) , 112 Edwardia, Greensboro, NC 27409

Sigma Rho Delta Tri-Ess , PO Box 90141, Raleigh, NC 27675-0141

Kappa Beta, PO Box 12101, Charlotte, NC 28220-2101

Phoenix TG Support , PO Box

18332, Asheville, NC 28814

Nebraska

River City Gender Alliance , PO Box 8076, Omaha, NE 68108

New Hampshire

Tri-Ess New England , PO Box 7681, Nashua, NH 03060-7681

New Jersey

Chi Delta Mu, PO Box 1, River Edge, NJ 07661-0001

New Jersey Support , PO Box 9378, Trenton, NJ 08650

Sigma Nu Rho, PO Box 9255, Trenton, NJ 08650

Epsilon Mu Gamma , PO Box 4, Three Bridges, NJ 08887

Nevada

Transgender Support and Advocacy, 2075 E Flamingo, Las Vegas, NV 89104

New York

Gender Identity Project at the Lesbian & Gay Community Services Center , 208 West 13th Street, New York, NY 10011

CrossDressers International , 404 W 40th St #2, New York, NY 10018

Shades of Lavender , 502 Bergen St, Brooklyn, NY 11217

Long Island Trans Experience , PO Box 97, Setauket, NY 11733

TGIC , Box 14-B Harmony Mills, Cohoes, NY 12047

CNY TransMenace , 405 Howard St #1, Syracuse, NY 13203

Expressing Our Nature c/o Pride Community Center , PO Box 6608 745 N Salina St., Syracuse, NY 13217-6608

Buffalo Belles , PO Box 1701, Amherst, NY 14226

Rochester Transgender C/O Gay Alliance of the Genesee Valley, 179 Atlantic Avenue, Rochester, NY 14607

Ohio

Crystal Club , PO Box 287, Reynoldsburg, OH 43068-0287

Paradise Club , PO Box 29564, Cleveland, OH 44129

Crossport , PO Box 1692, Cincinnati, OH 45201

Oregon

Northwest Gender Alliance , PO Box 4928, Portland, OR 97208

Rho Gamma , PO Box 5551, Grants Pass, OR 97527

Pennsylvania

TSG (Transsexual Support Group) 6020 Penn Circle South, Pittsburgh, PA 15206

Transpitt , PO Box 3214, Pittsburgh, PA 15230

Erie Sisters , 1903 West 8th St #261, Erie, PA 16505

Renaissance LSV, PO Box 2122, Harrisburg, PA 17105-2122

Renaissance - Lehigh Valley , PO Box 157, Trexlertown, PA 18087-0157

Renaissance GPC, 987 Old Eagle School Road, Ste 719, Wayne, PA 19087

Tennessee

Tennessee Vals , PO Box 92335, Nashville, TN 37209

Swans , PO Box 12701, Knoxville, TN 37912-2701

Mirror Image , PO Box 11052, Memphis, TN 38111-1052

Texas

Central Texas Transgender Society , 2900 West Anderson Lane Suite 127, Austin, TX 78757

Metroplex CD Club , PO Box 141924, Irving, TX 75014-1924

Nu Epsilon Tau , PO Box 14096, Pantego, TX 76094

Spouses & Partners International Conference for Education (SPICE) , c/o 8880 Bellaire B2 #104, Houston, TX 77036

Tau Chi, 8800 Bellaire B2, Ste 104, Houston, TX 77036

Gulf Coast Transgender Community , PO Box 66643, Houston, TX 77266

Epsilon Tau, PO Box 945, New Waverly, TX 77358

Alpha Tau , PO Box 1398, Georgetown, TX 78627

Washington

Transgender Education Association , PO Box 16036, Arlington, VA 22215

Emerald City , PO Box 31318, Seattle, WA 98103

Ingersoll Gender Center , 1812 E. Madison, Ste 106, Seattle, WA 98122-2843

Bellingham Gender Group , PO Box 2004, Bellingham, WA 98227

Washington Gender Alliance , PO Box 2261, Bellingham, WA 98227

Wisconsin

Gemini Gender Group , P.O.Box 44211, Milwaukee, WI 53214

Wisconsin TG Support Group , 4230 E. Towne Blvd. #193, Madison, WI 53704

CANADA

Alberta

Illusions Social Club, PO Box 2000, Calgary T2C-1B4, 403-486-9661,

Phi Sigma, Tri-Ess, Box 81115, 755 Lake Bonavista Dr. S.E. T2C-1B4

British Columbia

Kootenays Support Group, Box 270, Rossland, V0G 1Y0, 250-362-5701,

Cornbury Society, PO Box 3745, Vancouver, V6B-3Z1, N/A,

Zenith Foundation, Box 46, 8415 Granville St., Vancouver, V6P 4Z9

Transcend Transgender Support & Education Society, PO Box 8673, Victoria, V8X 3S2, (250) 413-3220

Manitoba

Masquerade, c/o 832 Corydon Ave., Winnipeg, R3M 0Y2

Ontario

Ottawa TS Discussion Group, PO Box 42067, RPO St Laurent, Ottawa K1K 4L8

Gender Metaphor, PO Box 27097, Ottawa, K1J 9L9

Chrysalis, 349A George St. N, Suite 206, Peterborough, K9H 3P9

Xpressions, PO Box 223, Station A, Toronto, M5W 1B2, 416-410-6949, www.Xpressions.org

S.O.S. Club, 519 Church St, Toronto, M4Y 2C9, (416)-392-6874, webhome.idirect.com/~players

Gender Mosaic, PO Box 7421, Vanier, K1L-8E4, (819) 770-1945, www.geocities.com/West-Hollywood/9630/

Quebec

Action Santé: Travesti(e)s et Transsexuel(le)s du Québec, 1626 Rue St-Hubert, Montreal, (514) 847-0067,

Club MET, 4113 Dorion St., Montreal, H2K-3B8

On My Mind

I received a phone call last week from Rev. Candy. She called to tell me that our mutual friend "Divinity" had passed away. Divinity lived in North Carolina. She headed up a group call the "Carolina Transensual Alliance" and published a newsletter **All The Beautiful People**. Divinity was a real character. Her newsletter was literally pasted up from other publications. She took healthy chunks of LadyLike and Renaissance's Transgender Community News, added pieces from commercial publications, like Vogue and Cosmo, then filled in with her own inimitable style of editorialization.

Divinity often got on a soapbox and wouldn't get off. She had a special rant about a local Carolina support group which seemed to be perpetually offended by Divinity's free spirit. Her ardor for this rant was redoubled when she felt the same group disrespected Rev. Candy. If there was one thing Divinity would not tolerate, it was intolerance, especially from within our own community.

I first met Divinity the year she was the coordinator of the Southern Comfort Conference. It was a much smaller gathering back then in the early 90's. We had time to talk and we just seemed to hit it off. From that time on, she stayed in touch with me on a regular basis. (I'm terrible about initiating phone calls.)

I'm going to miss her phone calls. After I'd pick up the phone and say "Hello," I'd most often hear something like, "Two men walked into a bar..." She always had a new joke to tell and always started our conversations that way. Then we'd talk about community business. Yes, I'm going to miss her calls very very much.

I knew Divinity was ill these past few months, but it was a chronic condition that could be managed. To hear she had died was a shock. A good friend has passed. The world won't be the same for all who knew her and called her "friend."

Politics

In the last issue I wrote that, in my opinion, Mr. Bush should be replaced as President in the coming election. Many of you wrote to tell me you disagreed with my opinion. I respect that. I'll admit I have some difficulty understanding how a transgendered person can be a conservative Republican (me, I'm a fiscally conservative, socially liberal, Independent), but I'll agree to disagree. In fact, if I had my way, Jesse "The Body" Ventura would be my ideal presidential candidate.

The funny thing is this: I don't believe Mr. Bush has a personal problem with gays, lesbians, or trannies, for that matter. It's a question of toeing the Party line and Neo-Con ideology. The NC's are Hell bent on reformatting this country into a "God is on my side" theocracy. That's a dangerous vision because it holds no room for people of difference or independent thought. We used to think that only Right-Wing Radi-

cal Christians were the problem. But now, even mainstream Roman Catholic bishops are getting into the act trying to sway political opinion by withholding sacraments from politicians who stand for freedom of choice and gay marriage. This is not a good sign, people!

So, let me restate my opinion in a different way. We need to remove the Neo-Conservatives from the White House that have driven our country into a war that did not need to be fought now. The Cheneys, the Rumsfelds, the Roves, and the Rices need to go; the Powells can stay. (Did you see him on Meet The Press? Gotta admire that the man has real principles.) How do we get rid of these guys, by not re-electing Mr. Bush, that's how.

I ascribe to the premise that you can always tell when a politician is lying; his lips are moving. Do I think Mr. Kerry will be a better President? I don't know. It will depend a helluva lot on who his cabinet heads are. But what I do know is we need a change and we need it now. And we need it not just in the White House but in the Capitol as well. The NCs have made a mockery of the "less government is more" traditional conservative values. If anything, the government is more intrusive now than it ever was and who has been in control of Congress for the past 20 years?

Ask yourself, what are the political affiliations of all those CEOs who have been indicted for stealing billions of dollars from shareholders? Ask yourself, of all these Congressmen and Senators who want a constitutional amendment banning same-sex marriage to "protect" the "sanctity" of marriage, how many have been divorced, remarried, and divorced again, and what are their political affiliations? Now ask yourself, are these the people I want to represent me in my government?

I know it's dangerous to discuss politics or religion, but I'm tired of having that particular mix shoved in my face telling me I'm a Sinner and I'm going to Hell. Hell, I don't even believe in Hell!

Here's the bottom line. Stand up for what you believe in. Vote in the next election, be it Democrat, Republican, Libertarian, Independent, whatever. Don't sit on the sidelines and then whine when it doesn't come out the way you want. During the first Earth Day celebration, we had a saying, "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem." My other favorite quote is from sci-fi author John Steakley, "You are what you do when it counts."

Next election, be part of the solution and make it count.
Stay frosty!
JoAnn Roberts





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